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NOTICE.

The CRITIC for JANUARY 1, 1859 (No. 443) will be accompanied by a Portrait of

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With a fac-simile Autograph and Biographical Sketch. The same number will also contain a review of his celebrated pamphlet. Other Portraits will follow.

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THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

If the Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON has not dealt with Count de MONTALEMBERT like a frank and candid adversary, he has at least manifested no little strategic skill. He has had to crush a man whose position in France has been eminently grandiose, and he has done so by degrading him. There is a story about Mr. WILBERFORCE, we think, being nonplussed by SHERIDAN, who used no more intricate art than pulling off a button with which the orator had got a trick of playing. LOUIS NAPOLEON's plan with DE MONTALEMBERT has been quite as simple. Had he been tried before his peers, a jury composed of the first men in France, the place of trial the Luxembourg, and the audience the greatest and brightest in the land, DE MONTALEMBERT must have been morally, if not apparently, the victor. But LOUIS NAPOLEON was too clever a tactician for that; he brought him before the lowest tribunal in France that could take cognisance of his offence—that of Correctional Police. He could not even be prosecuted by the highest law functionary of the Empire, because etiquette forbade the official appearance of so high a functionary in so insignificant a court. To realise the whole affair and bring it home to the English mind, we must suppose that Lord BROUGHAM had been guilty of writing an article against the Government, and that they had sent him to answer for his misdeeds before Mr. JARDINE and Mr. BINGHAM—where perhaps he might be defended by Mr. SLEIGH. A bathos so complete completely baffled the expectations of M. DE MONTALEMBERT—who is very much of a poseur, and thoroughly bent upon being a martyr and creating an effect. It is for this reason, and this alone, that M. DE MONTALEMBERT has appealed to a higher court. He must be perfectly assured that, in the present state of things in France, every Court, high or low, is equally subservient to the will of the master; but he must have his opportunity or he is lost. And what does his enemy do under these

circumstances? Why, by a stretch of imperial magnanimity, he pardons him. And upon what occasion? In honour of the anniversary of that fatal 2nd of December on which those liberties were destroyed whose loss M. DE MONTALEMBERT so eloquently deprecates. Could the ingenuity of insult and degradation go further than this?

M. DE MONTALEMBERT, of course, refuses to be pardoned, and insists upon his right to appeal. He knows that the imperial clemency is stifling to him, and refuses to breathe the fatal "miasma." According to telegraphic messages M. DE MONTALEMBERT protests that, "having made his appeal against the sentence passed upon him within the time fixed by law, no power in France is at the present time able to remit a sentence which is not yet definitely decided." M. DE MONTALEMBERT adds that he is "one of those who still believe in RIGHT, and do not accept the pardon." All which is very good, and very true, and very rhetorical; but it will not prevent M. DE MONTALEMBERT from being pardoned, and consequently silenced and humiliated, for all that.

The attitude which the French Government has assumed towards the English press is the best possible proof of its intention to prevent any discussion upon the subject. All the daily papers containing the slightest allusion to the MONTALEMBERT trial have been rigorously stopped; and the correspondent of the *Times* records that "even the unhappy *Athenaeum* was not delivered till it had undergone the Cæsarean operation." It is needless to say that this exclusive policy is precisely what is most likely to increase the mischief they dread. Prohibition has always excited curiosity, from the days of BLUEBEARD until now; and we are not much surprised at being told that, for one person who had been accustomed to read the English papers before the stoppage, a dozen have since found the means of doing so. Is not truth like the air? and can man baffle its subtlety by merely shutting the door?

On Wednesday evening a party of private friends, including many who are well known in circles of literature and art, assembled at the private residence of Mr. and Mrs. SAMUEL CARTER HALL, for the purpose of listening to a rehearsal of selected parts of the lectures upon the "Authors of the Age," which have been already mentioned in these columns. The result of the experiment is that we are fully able to confirm the prediction of success with which we hailed the announcement of Mr. HALL's appearance as a lecturer. Not entirely new upon the platform is he, as his self-possessed manner and clear elocution abundantly testified; but it is, we believe, the first time that he has ever designed to lecture for his own advantage. As the programme intimates, the lectures are to consist entirely of the reminiscences which Mr. and Mrs. HALL entertain of illustrious friends and acquaintances who are no more. No living person is named, excepting by way of allusion and parenthesis in illustrating some particular character. This course is most judicious, and fulfils the canon which we have more than once laid down—that it is impossible to review justly either a man or a work until it is finished.

The portraits—for minute portraits they are, drawn with microscopic minuteness, yet coloured and shaded with a tenderness that come near to partiality—which found most favour with the audience were those of LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON and THOMAS HOOD. The faults of the former were not spared, nor the morbidity of her disposition screened; yet even when he enunciated condemnation, the lecturer seemed to love the memory he chastened, and the summing up of the character of this clever, ill-fated girl was as a garland laid upon her far-off tomb. The sketch of THOMAS HOOD was also full of kindly and affectionate appreciation. It was concluded with a letter to Sir ROBERT PEEL, thanking that statesman for the pension; and although to some it may faintly appear as the partial recantation of the principles upon which "The Song of the Shirt" was based, it was an eloquent and affecting document, and drew tears from many of those who heard it.

To say that we agreed with every judgment which Mr. HALL pronounced upon those whom he passed under review would be to intimate that his lectures are exceedingly commonplace—which they most certainly are not. If he be a little too partial in some of his estimates, let us recollect how difficult it is to resist the influences of personal friendship. We do not think with him that MOORE was a great poet, or that

SOUTHEY will live in English literature; and yet, had we known these men as intimately as Mr. HALL did, can we say that we should not have persuaded ourselves into that faith? Altogether these lectures, as we anticipated they would do, give a deeply interesting view into the personality of those who composed the literary world of what may now be termed the last generation; and we have no doubt that they will receive from the world at large the same amount of praise and appreciation which they did from the critical audience to which they were submitted on Wednesday evening—and that was no light measure.

We learn that a committee of noblemen, gentlemen, and clergymen have undertaken to set about procuring a revision of the Book of Common Prayer. A conference took place at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi, on Tuesday afternoon, under the presidency of General ALEXANDER. Lord EBRURY, who has already brought the matter under the notice of the House of Lords, took an important part in the proceedings. He adverted to the opposition which he had experienced from the Bench of Bishops, two or three of whom had opposed his motion, and the rest said nothing upon the subject. Lord EBRURY went on to say that this was a question for the laity, and that they would get no assistance towards the accomplishment of their views from the high ecclesiastical authorities of the Church. From the clergy generally he expected great aid, as there was a growing feeling among them that many modifications of our Church services were, from various causes, absolutely necessary. Much further discussion took place.

At the present stage of the argument we should prefer awaiting some distinct utterance from the fathers of the Church before arriving at any distinct opinion. We cannot agree with Lord EBRURY that this is a question for the laity, who are interested in its solution doubtless, but who are necessarily precluded both from want of knowledge and fitness of position to presume to deal with it. The tone adopted at this conference was decidedly what is called "Evangelical" in character, and the object confessedly is to obtain the expurgation from the Litany and Rubric of those passages which the High Church and Tractarian parties rely upon in support of their teaching. It is plain from this that to deal with the subject hastily will compel a schism in the Church, such as cannot but be detrimental to the entire fabric; and we trust that whatever is done in the matter will not be attempted without the co-operation of those who have the sole right to be foremost in such a movement. Lord EBRURY may be a very good young nobleman, and may be actuated by very praiseworthy motives; but we can scarcely consent to accept him as the LUTHER of the nineteenth century.

With reference to our remarks upon the Crystal Palace competition for a Prize Poem in honour of Burns, we have received the following note from Mr. BROWN, the Secretary to the Glasgow Committee for organising a Commemoration Festival:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In your impression of the 20th current, alluding to the prize offered by the Crystal Palace Company for a poem on the Burns' Centenary, you say, and very properly: "The number of true poets in England may be counted up upon very few of the fingers; and if the directors really imagine that those masters of the art will condescend to compete for their fifty guineas, they are egregiously mistaken. Will Tennyson, or Browning, or Arnold, or Dobell, or Smith, subject their compositions to the judgment of the Crystal Palace directors?" I deprecate the exclusive way in which these—otherwise very appropriate—remarks are expressed. Why allude only to the poets of England with reference to such a subject as Burns? And why include Smith amongst the poets of England? for, whatever he is worth, do let us keep him. But, Sir, I would remind you that the most eminent, the most original, and the sweetest-voiced lyric authors of the age are Celts—men whose names you have never mentioned in your remarks on this subject. I am sure it is only necessary for me to name in order to convince you that I am right—James Ballantyne, William Aytoun, Alexander Macgahan, all of Edinburgh; and our dearly beloved Samel Lover, of all Ireland. Or are we Celts to presume that the Crystal Palace directors intend to inflict a still greater injury by excluding every Scotsman and every Irishman from the competition? If not, why do you merely refer to English poets?

C. R. BROWN.

So far as we are aware of the facts, we believe that this competition is not confined to English-

men, but is open to all the world—so that the poem submitted be written in the English language. The Scotch dialect is prohibited, for the simple and obvious reason that it would be unintelligible to the great majority of a London audience. When we used the names referred to by Mr. Brown, we certainly had no intention of excluding Scotch and Irish poets. One of these very names belongs to a Scotchman—ALEXANDER SMITH. What other SMITH did Mr. Brown imagine we alluded to?

THE famous DIALOGUS HORATII ET LYDLE has served once more for the text of a satire upon political reconciliation. The story is worth inserting in the next edition of DISRAELI's "Curiosities of Literature;" and, as it somewhat affects the son of the editor of that entertaining compilation, it may be not inappropriately introduced, in the form of a note by the son. Mr. HANNAY, it appears, in his article upon "Horace and his Translators" in the *Quarterly Review*, permitted two errors (of the press we presume) to slip into a very beautiful and accurate translation of the Ode from the pen of Mr. GLADSTONE. Piqued for his scholarship, Mr. GLADSTONE sent an accurate copy of his translation to the *Times*, in whose columns it appeared, and there was read and admired, we doubt not, by most of our readers. So far the story is serious enough; but in the *Globe* of last Thursday evening appears a parody, smacking strongly of the spirit of a certain patriarchal humorist—he that impeached MOORE for plagiarising upon ANACREON. The version is so good, that we shall make no apology for quoting it. "We have reason to believe," says the *Globe*, "that the following will be found a fair adaptation to existing circumstances."

Derby. While Peel's old Ministry could twine
Thy lot political with mine;—
Ere yet on corn we disagreed,
As colleagues we were blest indeed.

Gladly. Whilst thou didst feed no rival flame,
Nor Gladly next to Dizzy came,
O then thy Gladly's echoing name
Exceeded his since Homer's fame.

Derby. My heart from Peelite loves outworn
By Dizzy's corkscrew curls is drawn;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So Dizz—my better life—may live.

Gladly. My bosom burns to yield possession
Of all my charms to Bright next session;
I'll face two several deaths with joy,
So fate but spare my broad-brim'd boy.

Derby. What if our ancient love awoke
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If Dizz were sent some Indian venture,
And Gladly his old place re-enter?

Gladly. Bright as the *Morning Star* is B.,
Thou rougher than the *Adrian Sea*,
And fickle as light bark; yet I
With thee would live—with thee would die.

This is, of its kind, far superior to anything that ever appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*.

If there be one man whose memory should be spared from dinners and processions, marble and bronze, even in this age of anniversaries, statues, and memorials, it should be JOHN KYRLE, the "Man of Ross." A newspaper paragraph informs us that—"The Ross people are discussing the propriety of erecting a monument to JOHN KYRLE, the 'Man of Ross.' The quiet, unostentatious old country gentleman (who, with thousands like him, and equally as good, would have been long since forgotten but for Pope) would be surprised could he hear the flattering expressions, little short of idolatry, now used with reference to him by the town in which he once resided." When in that "Moral Essay," which will more immortalise KYRLE than anything in marble or brass can do, POPE makes BATHURST ask,

And what! no monument, inscription, stone?—

the reply is to the effect that such men need no memorials but their virtues, and that true merit scorns such arts to flinch reputation from posterity. Let the good people of Ross be advised, and leave this alone. ALEXANDER POPE has cared for the matter much better than they can possibly do.

A FEW PHOTOGRAPHS.

HOLYOAKE.

EXCEEDINGLY pretentious, but exceedingly feeble, puerile, and shallow, is the thing known as the Positive Philosophy. Under the name of Secularism it has been adapted to the taste of those English working men who had grown tired of Feargus O'Connor's Chartism and of Robert

Owen's Socialism. The chief champion of Secularism is Mr. George Jacob Holyoake. Whatever opinion we may form regarding Mr. Holyoake's gospel, we must admit that he is a clear, elegant, often forcible writer, and a man of considerable talents and acquirements. In all he does and in all he says there is thinness both of character and of mind. He has a sharp but not an opulent intellect. As founder of a system, as leader of a sect, he is deficient in what the athletes of a popular movement need most—passion and imagination. He is more a debater than a rhetorician, more a rhetorician than a logician; yet his logic is seldom inferior to that of his adversary. As in Dawson, the tradesman predominates in him over the agitator; but gleams of generosity burst through the calculations of the tradesman. There are few more obliging persons; and, though his love of approbation is great, I am inclined to ascribe his active service of others to something better than the hankering for applause. His industry is remarkable. It is a pity that all its results should be slightly spoiled by pedantry. In many points he resembles Robespierre; and I do not say this offensively. He has Robespierre's puritanism, Robespierre's fanatical belief in the power of dogmas. It is thus easier for him to make disciples than to keep them; for dogmas have strength only in connection with institutions. His converts, therefore, are apt to argue that a warm creed with an institution is better than a cold creed without one. When the abysses are opened, when the thunders rage, when the lightnings flash, Mr. Holyoake will not be heard of; for he is interesting as a phenomenon, and to be studied simply as such. I mean that he will not be heard of as a potency in England's spiritual growth. For his claims as a writer are substantial and serious. Enriched by the poetical, he would be one of our best living authors.

FOXTON.

Of the clergymen who have seceded during the last few years from the Church of England, the majority have gone in the direction of Catholicism; sundry, like the late John Sterling, have gone in a theological direction. The result has in no instance been fortunate for themselves: they have lost their former social and professional position, and they have gained no new influence. How far it is right or wise to desert the chief ecclesiastical institution of a country, is a point which we are not now deciding; we are simply stating a fact. One of the manliest of the neologists spoken of is Frederick Foxtton. Corresponding to his manliness of character is his style. It is effulgent, rapid, resistless. His gifts as a writer, though of the rarest kind, are yet all lost from his extreme self-distrust, and from the abject surrender of his individuality to Carlyle's Fetichism. How strange that an Anglican priest should burst away from what he had told all the world was an intolerable bondage, only to rub his nose in vilest superstition against Carlyle's boots. Carlyle is more to Foxtton than the divinest religious teacher ever was to his disciples. Because Carlyle is a marvellous painter, he is to Foxtton infallible oracle, sublimest prophet, the apocalypse after which no other apocalypse is needed. That Foxtton should so confound the pictorial with the prophetic proves that Foxtton has no real and heroic instincts for the prophetic. The artist predominates in Carlyle; he has neither the prophet's courage, the prophet's indignation, nor the prophet's boundless pity. Do I denounce him for not being a prophet? Do I blame him for the silliness of his worshippers? Far from it. His exaggerations, his profusion of glaring colours, are not intended to deceive. Why should we refuse aught to the artist which is not a flagrant offence against taste? Beyond some slight and pardonable vanity, Carlyle is probably annoyed that Foxtton and others should class him with Isaiah, for he would by no means like to be sawn asunder. Cease to nuzzle Carlyle's boots, Foxtton the Fetichite! Thou art thyself an accomplished literary artist. Why, therefore, shouldst thou be astonished at the miracles of literary art? Be toward Carlyle what thou art toward all and in all besides—a man.

SPURGEON.

For more than nine days Spurgeon has been the marvel of the mob; but the mob is not fastidious in its choice of idols, provided it is amused. There have been mountebanks in the pulpit before Spurgeon; but no one before him

contrived to make so much noise with so little faculty. We may give very fine names to very common things; Spurgeon succeeds because he is so enormously impudent. It has been the secret of his success from the beginning. Of the multitudes who have rushed to hear and to see Spurgeon's buffooneries, how few have been influenced by a yearning for the religious life! Of these not one could perhaps be found who did not mistake for the religious life the maddest religious excitement! Without, however, going far into the religious question, I would look at Spurgeon for a moment as a speaker and writer. Can Little Bethel fall lower than the point to which Spurgeon has brought it? Cheap pathos, cheap humour, no eloquence, no thought,—with these words you have characterised Spurgeon. He borrows freely from the old divines, and whenever he says a good thing you may be sure that somebody else has said it. Behind that coarse Brummagem face what noble idea can have its birth? It seems to be taken for granted that, because preaching in so many churches has grown frigid and feeble, the preaching of Spurgeon must necessarily be excellent. But surely there are other things in the universe besides a lump of ice and Punch's opera. It is doubtful whether preaching can again be the power which it has been. The more a grand and truly Catholic ceremonial gains empire—and all Churches, and especially the Church of England, are obviously striving toward it—the more must preaching retire from the scene. Preaching is too often at present the dogmatism of a pedantic and presumptuous individual. In a Catholic religion, however, the individual must be effaced, and the deep heart of the nation and the voice of God alone be audible. Yet as long as preaching is retained it should have dignity no less than warmth—as in him who is perhaps the noblest of all preachers, Jeremy Taylor. But the dignity should be a real dignity, not an artificial pomp. I do not suppose that what Spurgeon has spoken or written will have much permanent effect either on the pulpit or religion in England. It may, however, co-operate with the influences which are corrupting England's literature. To read through a volume of Spurgeon's sermons would be to lose all relish for an honest healthy English style. In the reaction of Slang against Johnsonianism, Spurgeon's tawdry trash is Slang carried to its ultimates. No further can Slang go without entering on a region with which pickpockets alone are supposed to be acquainted. And this is England's Luther! The jargon of a Billingsgate Apocalypse is the thunder of a New Evangel! Poor, poor England, if thou canst look nowhere else for salvation! But the marvel of the mob will be driven away by other marvels. And the hour is not far off when Spurgeon's bray will not have even the bray of kindred animals as an applauding echo.

ATTICUS.

A public meeting is to be held in the Athenæum, Bristol, on Monday evening next, for promoting the repeal of the duties on paper. Mr. John Cassell, the chairman of the association for effecting this repeal, is to attend. We understand that public meetings will shortly be held in other leading towns.

PROCESS OF HARDENING ENGRAVED COPPER PLATES.—Through the courtesy of M. Joubert, we have had an opportunity of examining certain of the plates faced with steel; as well some that have been worked, as others that were prepared for working. The substance of the discovery is the coating of the engraved copper plate by means of the electrolyte process; but the most extraordinary feature of the result is the perfect equality of the disposition of the steel surface, which is so true and even that no single line of the engraving is changed; in short, a proof from the copper cannot be distinguished from a proof from the surface prepared with the electrolyte surface. On occasions, as for Art-Union prints, when a great number of impressions are required, it has been customary to electrolyte the plate to the extent of eight or ten fac-similes; but sometimes an electrolyte plate will fall after yielding two hundred and fifty impressions. But the plates prepared according to the patent in question will throw off many thousands of impressions without any apparent wear of the surface of the plate. And should such a number of prints be required as may wear out the surface, which results rather from wiping than its contact with the paper, then the worn coating of iron or steel (for the metal partakes more of the character of the latter than of the former) may be dissolved off from the plate, and a fresh coating of iron deposited thereon; after which the printing may be resumed as before, and by thus, from time to time, renewing the coating of iron, almost any number of impressions may be taken from the engraved plate.—*Art Journal*.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE FOREST OF DEAN.

The Forest of Dean: an Historical and Descriptive Account. By H. G. NICHOLLS, M.A. London: Murray.

ENGLAND in the nineteenth century has so few traces left of its earlier characteristics, that an author may esteem himself fortunate if he has any district left for him to describe that bears strong mark of "the old time before us," and the manners and habits of a race which preserve for modern study the peculiarities of ancient days. The Forest of Dean until very lately was one of those districts; its inhabitants were generally "forest-born," the descendants of a hardy race of miners and woodmen, who lived without much communication with the world beyond the trees, and whose lineal descent might be traced from the Saxon and Norman settlers, who had succeeded to the working of the extensive iron mines which the Romans had opened before them. Located thus in a district they considered peculiarly their own, enjoying many old privileges unmolested; working their mines in an obsolete style, but filled with the most obstinate prejudices in favour of such systems; liking intrusion so little, that they made no roads, and prohibited the passage of carts through the district—they lived, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot;" and it was not until the latter end of the last century that any useful attention was devoted to them or their district, and only within the last half-century that schools and churches were founded, and the inhabitants "Christianised," so to speak.

That this is no exaggerated picture of the condition of this large and important tract of country and a large mass of its inhabitants, the extracts we shall give from Mr. Nicholls's volume will prove. He is particularly fortunate, not only in having to treat of a district of much interest so little known, but also in having a residence in the midst of it. He is perpetual curate of one of the forest churches, and has been urged to his task, he tells us, because of the disappointment expressed by others and felt by himself at the want of some history of the forest; and an impression that a considerable amount of interesting information relative to it might be brought together, which there seemed to be no probability would be collected and recorded until many old usages and traditions had passed away under the rapid changes of advancing civilisation.

Camden speaks of this district as "wholly bespiced with thick tall woods: a wonderful thick forest, and in former ages so dark and terrible, by reason of crooked and winding ways, as also the grisly shade therein, that it made the inhabitants more fierce, and bolder to commit robberies. For in the reign of Henry VI. they so infested all Severn side with robbing and spoiling, that there were laws made by the authority of Parliament for to restrain them." Mr. Nicholls's pages present us with some curious details of these old days of internal warfare and general insecurity, which we extract for the benefit of all lovers of "the good old times," who may only know of their goodness by a vague and a trusting belief in the pages of the novelist.

Whilst the throne was occupied by Henry VI. we have chiefly to notice the complaint which the traders of Tewkesbury made to the Government, that "their boats and trowes conveying all manner of merchandise down the Severn to Bristol," &c., had been stopped at the coast of the Forest by great multitudes of the common people dwelling thereabouts, who seized their vessels, carried away the corn, threatened their lives if they resisted, and forbade any complaint being made, on their coming that way again. The petition caused letters of privy seal to be proclaimed in those parts, to the effect that "no man of the said Forest should be so hardy to inquiet or disturb the people passing the said river with merchandise upon pain of treason." But the account proceeds to say that "the said trespassers came to the said river with greater routs and riots than ever they did before, there despoiling at divers times eight trowes of wheat, rye, flour, and divers other goods and chattels, and the men of the same east overboard, and divers of them drowned, and the hawvers of the same trowes cut away, and mainstrung the owners of the said goods, who should not be so hardy as to cause any manner of victuals to be carried any more by the same stream, much or little, for lord or for lady, as they would have their boats all to pieces if they did so." More stringent measures were therefore evidently necessary, and in 1429 the Parliament passed

an Act, enforcing a restoration of the plunder, and amends for the injury done, within fifteen days, and the offenders to be imprisoned, or else the Statute of Winchester would be enforced against them.

The "crooked and winding ways" noted by Camden existed in all their perplexing sinuosity until the middle of last century, and, of course rendered the forest a sort of impregnable haunt to freebooters, it was also frequently used as a place of refuge for noble fugitives—the paths that penetrated its leafy depths having their direction very frequently turned, and rendered still more perplexing through the constant interposition of streams, bogs, and thickets.

After the accession of Edward IV. and his unpopular marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, this Forest was the spot to which, upon the defeat at Edgecote (26th July 1469), her father the Earl Rivers and her brother Sir John Woodville fled, where they were recaptured and carried to Northampton, their place of execution.

The old Castle of St. Briaval was a stronghold in the midst of the forest, originally constructed by Milo Fitz-Walter, the famous governor of Gloucester in the reign of Henry I., for the purpose of confirming the royal authority and checking the inroads of the Welsh. It gave shelter to many in the stormy days of mediæval history; and the district was further strengthened by the erections of others, on land granted to the nobility. One of these, Lydney House, gave great trouble to the Parliamentary army in the great civil war. It was the property of Sir John Winter, who owned extensive ironworks in the forest, and had been secretary to the Queen. He was most energetic in counteracting the designs of the Parliamentary army; and he was seconded and encouraged by a wife befitting his character, and no whit behind him in vigour or determination.

Luckily, the strength of the little garrison was not put to the test, for Massey hearing that the Royalist soldiers were returning, he remembered that "the better part of valour was discretion," and marched back to Gloucester after burning the iron mills and furnaces of Sir John. The Forest was always a trouble to the men of Gloucester connected with the rebel cause: its ways were difficult and dangerous; Sir John Winter was "a plague" to them, and his house "a den," to use their language, which they found most troublesome to clear. The men of the Forest have always been unquiet spirits, with a good deal of Welsh blood in their veins, "sudden and apt to quarrel." The old records of the court of justice held within its bounds present us with frequent instances of fines imposed for equabbling and interrupting the course of its discussions when men went there for justice; they on both sides felt strongly the right was only theirs, and were in no humour to mildly listen to any opposition argument. The tendency to take the law in their own hands was almost as strongly developed among them as among the Irish, and a sort of wild right established that could only be quelled by a superior force. Thus, as late as 1795, when the necessity of securing corn enough to supply the army and navy, led to the purchase of much of it in this district; thereby rendering it dear and difficult for the foresters to obtain from the neighbouring farmers, on whom they were chiefly dependent; they commenced "a bread riot," still talked of in the district. Here is one scene from our author's book:

A party of foresters, chiefly from the neighbourhood of Liddbrook, stopped a waggon belonging to Mr. Prince of Longhope, loaded with ninety-two bushels of wheat, and lodged it in Ross market house, professedly with the intention of selling it out on Monday morning at eight shillings per bushel. A magistrate, however, reached Ross early on Monday, and accompanied by ten of the Essex Light Dragoons, saw the grain reloaded into Mr. Prince's waggon, and sent it off under their escort. In about an hour upwards of sixty foresters collected together, and set off in pursuit of the waggon. The magistrate followed on horseback, and at the Lea he came up with the waggon, which he sent on, and ordered the cavalry to stop till the approach of the mob. They soon made their appearance, and, being at first somewhat refractory, the ringleader was taken into custody; when, after the most persuasive remonstrances of this very active magistrate, and the patient forbearance of the soldiery, they were at last prevailed upon to give up the desperate idea of rescuing the grain, and returned peaceably to Ross.

Many similar outbreaks frightened the farmers

at last from selling their corn elsewhere than at the country markets. In one instance a vessel bound to Bristol was seized, and literally "sacked," for the flour was hastily laid in meal-pocks and trotted off on packhorses. The natives of the Forest have always felt that their vested interests were a little like Rob Roy's, "that they should take who have the power;" and their right to cut down trees wastefully for a little firewood, or to use the bole for ordinary purposes of cooperage and leave the top of the tree as waste on the land, were lawful acts; while the Game Laws were always held in the most sovereign contempt. It is a curious fact, but one not yet fully understood by our political economists, the waste and extravagance of poverty. Cobbett, with his clear common sense and his practical knowledge of the lower classes, once shrewdly remarked that "the destruction of the poor was their poverty;" but under this truism few could detect a deeper meaning. The report of Sir Edward Winter in the time of Charles II. shows how a valuable property like this large Forest may be rendered valueless, and the poor inhabitants starve in the midst of plenty and free rights, through the want of proper rule and correct means of making the most of their position. He shows that one district alone, which produced 500*l.* fine and 20*l.* rent, was allowed to be so neglected, "that these twenty-five years last past not one penny rent or profit otherwise hath bene made out of them, but all left as a thing forgotten." The woods covering 15,000 acres, became "a foreste waste, and of so ill condition for hunting as that the preserving the woods thereof will neither yield pleasure to the hunter nor profit to the owner, and the woods thereupon so subject to waste will dayly grow worse and worse. The Forest is for two or three miles upon the skirts so exceedingly wasted, as well by the inhabitants as the borderers adjacent, that it is a grief to see so many goodly trees spoiled." All this idle power of wasting was so useless to the wasters, that he says: "The liberty of making sale of the wood hath bred in the same such a multitude of poor creatures, as it is lamentable to think so many inhabitants shall live upon so bare provision as upon spoil of the Forest woods, which if in time be not foreseen will consume all his Majesty's woods without accompte." The same sort of feeling of common right seems to have prevented the stocking of the Forest with deer; for they were killed by poachers, who "thought no wrong" of the action:

The remarks "Going after the deer," or "You don't, may be, want to buy some meat?" are no doubt fresh in the recollection of many. Going about with guns, in numbers too formidable for the keepers to interfere, shooting the deer by day and carrying them off at night, were by no means uncommon. Poachers of a poorer and more primitive stamp are said to have resorted to the expedient of dropping a heavy iron bar from where they had secreted themselves, on the projecting branch of an oak, so that it might fall across the neck of the deer which had come to browse beneath. Or they baited a large hook with an apple, and suspended it at a proper height by a stout cord over a path which the deer were observed to frequent. They also were known to set a number of nooses of iron wire in a row, skillfully fastened to a rope secured to a couple of trees, into which, aided by dogs, they drove the deer. With such kind of sport at command, we may be well assured of the truth of Mr. Nicholson's statement before Lord Duncan's committee: "If once men begin to poach, we can never reckon upon their working afterwards." Ornamental to a forest as deer undoubtedly are, and disappointing as it may be to the stranger to find none in the Forest of Dean, we cannot regret that, in 1855, Mr. Machen records, "there is not now a deer left in the Forest, and only a few stragglers in the Highmeadow Woods."

A brief summary of the people of the district is thus afforded in our author's words:

Assuming that "the customs and franchises" of the miners of the Forest were first granted to the inhabitants by William I., they certainly show, for that early period, a highly creditable appreciation of justice, order, and right feeling. Their skill in the use of the bow, and in excavating the soil, is proved by the attendance demanded of them at various sieges during the first half of the fourteenth century; but their outrageous interruption of vessels navigating the Severn in the reign of Henry VI., and in one instance even so late as in that of George III., illustrates the common truth that "every field has its

tares." Probably the troubles of the Great Rebellion would have little affected them had they been left to themselves, their warmth of feeling being chiefly manifested when they apprehended danger to their "customs and franchises." Hence Dr. Parsons's character of them: "The inhabitants are some of them a sort of robustic wild people, that must be civilised by good discipline and government." Such was no doubt their state and condition 150 years ago. In 1808 they were described as "not very orderly:" in 1810 as being in a condition "nearly as wretched as anything now existing in Ireland," and as "exceedingly excitable;" prone to make unlimited demands in opening and carrying on their works; destroying the timber for such purposes, so as ultimately to leave hardly a tithe for the supply of the royal dockyards; perpetually at strife amongst themselves; so jealous of any "foreigners" coming into the Forest as to deter most persons, and highly suspicious of any efforts to improve the property of the Crown, even when intended for their personal good; repeatedly destroying the new plantations, and terrifying the adjoining districts by forming riotous mobs. Yet the Chartists from Newport and places adjacent, in 1840, met with no sympathy from the Foresters, who drove their delegates away.

The names of places and of people indicate an early origin, and bear traces of Saxon, Norman, and Welsh influence; the latter preponderating. Some of their customs were curious, such as that of touching the Bible with a holly-stick when taking their oath in a court of law, "so as not to soil the sacred volume with their miry hands."

Their pastimes used to be dancing and football, to the great delight of people of all ages; indeed, there are several spots yet called from the above circumstance "the dancing green." Wakes were likewise very popular, and also the game of fives, so that at Ruerdean one side of the church tower was whitewashed for the purpose, and resorted to even on Sundays. Some of the provincialisms of the district occur in the following words: "yat" (gate), "tump" (hillock), "teart" (sharp), "spract" (lively), "twich" (touch), "near a anoust" (near the same), "anunt" (opposite). Peculiarities also occur in the selection of Christian names, including these: Benedicta, Abia, Winifred, Kezia, Barzillai, Sibylla, Eve, Saba, Sabina, Beata, Tryphena, Belinda, Myra, Terzah, Nimrod, River, Milson, Miles, &c. "River Jordan" occurs in the neighbouring parish registers many times during the last 150 years; also "Providence Potter," one of whose representatives, a sad drunken fellow, once went to his humane squire in great distress. The worthy gentleman, after suggesting various expedients, but to no purpose, at last said: "Well, he could see nothing for it but to trust in Providence." "Lord bless ye, sir, why Providence has been dead these ten years."

We owe the general improvement of this district to the energetic devotion of the clergy to their task since 1803. What the picture was which then met the eye of the Rev. P. M. Procter, then made Vicar of Newland (a district to which parish the Foresters were always considered to belong) must be told in his own words:

At this time (he says, in his "Brief and Authentic Statement," published in 1819) I saw nothing of them on the Sabbath-day. The church was only used by them as a matter of course and necessity; indeed, a general opinion prevailed that they had no right to accommodation, and a Forester was seldom seen in the aisle. The first impression I received respecting the inhabitants was of the most unfavourable kind. For some months no other intercourse took place than what the visiting of the sick and the baptising of the children occasioned. By these means, however, I came to the knowledge of their condition, their lives and conversation, of which the latter were the most deplorable—habitual profanation of the Sabbath-day, drunkenness, rioting, immodest dancing, revellings, fightings, an improper state of females on their marriage, and an absence and ignorance of the Holy Scriptures.

With much tact, and by gradual and self-sought means, the Foresters were induced to improve themselves; and the advent of another earnest labourer—the Rev. H. Berkin in 1808—completed the good work. The latter excellent man lived and died among his people, refusing all offers of advancement in the Church, "laying up his treasure where the moth cannot corrupt," and nobly doing his duty to the last. All honour to the memory of this true servant of the Church.

He was succeeded in the ministry by the author of this volume, who thus speaks of the present race of Foresters:

The Forest miners of the present day are well acquainted with the geological structure of their neighbourhood, more especially with the out-crop, succession, and dip of the mineral veins. In short, their natural endowments are fully equal to the general standard, and only require cultivation, as frequently appears from the quickness with which they detect the bearings of any pecuniary transaction, and

their proneness to litigation. Many superstitions, however, still linger amongst them, such as the use of charms and incantations, a belief in witchcraft and an evil eye, a resort to "wise men," and even to the minister of the parish as being a "Master of Arts," or for some of the offertory money, out of which to have a charm-ring made. They are likewise inclined to give credence to tales of apparitions, and to regard sickness and accident as fated and inevitable. From their having been for so many generations an isolated and peculiar people, most of them are ignorant of the rest of the world, and have, of course, a correspondingly exaggerated idea of their own importance. It is pleasing to observe the sympathy they manifest towards the sick amongst them, or such as have been accidentally injured; and, although most independent in their notions, and impatient of control, they always seem thankful for real kindness. What they chiefly lack is more generosity and candour towards strangers, and a clearer understanding of their duties as protectors of the national property, in respect of the crops of timber which grow around them. In most mining districts the moral habits of the people are more or less in a low state, and they are certainly not worse here than elsewhere.

The great improvement has been owing to the establishment of churches and schools, and the gradual inculcation of good moral principles.

The Forest as it at present exists must disappoint a stranger, who would expect to see a dense assemblage of old trees, such as poets imagine Sherwood to have been in Robin Hood's days. It boasts of few old trees at all. The greater part of the Forest consists of oaks barely fifty years old, comprised in inclosures; the rest of the district "disfigured by furnaces, collieries, and groups of inferior buildings." Our author preserves pictures of some few of the old trees, the largest being that known as the Newland Oak, which measures forty-five feet in girth at five feet from the ground. The most curious part of the old forest land is that containing the remains of the older works of the Roman miners, which our author thus describes:

These mines present the appearance either of spacious caves, as on the Doward Hill, or at the Scowles near Bream, or they consist of precipitous and irregularly-shaped passages, left by the removal of the ore or mineral earth wherever it was found, and which was followed in some instances for many hundreds of yards, openings being made to the surface wherever the course of the mine permitted, thus securing an efficient ventilation, so that, although they have been so long deserted, the air in them is perfectly good. They are also quite dry, owing probably to their being drained by the new workings adjacent to them, and descending to a far greater depth. In the first instance they were no doubt excavated as deep as the water permitted, that is, to about 100 feet, or in dry seasons even lower, as is in fact proved by the water-marks left in some of them. Occasionally they are found adorned with beautiful incrustations of the purest white, formed by springs of carbonate of lime, originating in the rocky walls of limestone around. Sometimes, after proceeding a considerable distance, they suddenly open out into spacious vaults fifteen feet in width, the site probably of some valuable "pocket" or "churn" of ore; and then again, where the supply was less abundant, narrowing into a width hardly sufficient to admit the human body. Occasionally the passage divides and unites again, or abruptly stops, turning off at a sharp angle, or changing its level, where rude steps cut in the rock show the mode by which the old miners ascended or descended; whilst sometimes the rounds of ladders have been found, semi-carbonised by age. These excavations abound on every side of the Forest, wherever the iron makes its appearance, giving the name of "Meand" or mine to such places. Of the deeper workings, one of the most extensive occurs on the Lining Wood Hill above Mitcheldean, and is well worth exploring. The earliest historical allusion to these underground works is made by Camden, who records that a gigantic skeleton was found in a cave on the Great Doward Hill, now called "King Arthur's Hall," being evidently the entrance to an ancient iron mine. The next refers to the period of the Great Rebellion, when the terrified inhabitants of the district are said to have fled to them for safety when pursued by the hostile soldiery of either party. Adverting, in the next place, to the heaps of cinders left where the ancient iron manufacturers of the district worked, their quality, abundance, and situation suggest several interesting points of observation. Thus, their quality proves that charcoal was the fuel invariably employed, and the large per-centage of metal left in them shows that the process then in use of extracting the iron was very imperfect. They are said to vary in richness according as they belong to an earlier or later period—so much so, that some persons have ventured on this data to specify their relative ages; but other causes may have produced this difference. As to their quantity, it was once so great, that, although they have formed a large part of the mineral supply to the different furnaces of the district for the last 200 years, they still abound for miles

round the Forest, wherever human habitations appear to have clustered, sometimes giving the names to places, as "Cinderford" and "Cinder Hill," or forming a valuable consideration in the purchase of land containing them. Equally remarkable with the two former characteristics of these cinders is their position, not unfrequently on elevated spots and far removed from any watercourse. Under such circumstances, the high temperature necessary for acting upon the ore must have been obtained by constructing the fireplace so as to create a powerful draft of air, the fuel and mineral being placed alternately in layers within a circular structure of stone, resembling the rude furnaces said to be used amongst the natives of Central Africa.

Andrew Yarranton, in his book of novel suggestions for the "Improvement of England by Sea and Land," in 1677, says:

In the Forest of Dean and thereabouts the iron is made at this day of cinders, being the rough and offal thrown by in the Romans' time, they then having only foot blasts to melt the ironstone; but now, by the force of a great wheel that drives a pair of bellows twenty feet long, all that iron is extracted out of the cinders, which could not be forced from it by the Roman foot blast. And in the Forest of Dean and thereabouts, and as high as Worcester, there are great and infinite quantities of these cinders; some in vast mounts above ground, some under ground, which will supply the iron works some hundreds of years, and these cinders are they which make the prime and best iron, and with much less charcoal than doth the ironstone. . . . Let there be one ton of this bar iron made of Forest ironstone, and 20*l*. will be given for it.

Our author has not been so explicit as could be wished on the early history of the Dean Forest mines, particularly the proofs that are afforded of their Roman origin. We therefore supply a few facts from an agreeable and learned little volume by Mr. Thomas Wright, entitled "Wanderings of an Antiquary." He says: "The antiquity of these mines is proved by the circumstance that Roman coins and pottery have frequently been picked up about them. Indeed, we find proofs of Roman occupation thickly scattered over this district. Some few years ago, workmen employed in raising blocks of siliceous gritstone from an edge of rock in a small oak copse called Perry Grove, about a mile from Coleford, discovered in the cavity of a rock three earthen vessels, containing upwards of three thousand Roman brass coins. At Lydbrook a large quantity of Roman coins was found in the beginning of 1848; they were chiefly of Victorinus, Gallienus, and Claudius Gothicus. The antiquity of these cinders is still further proved from the circumstance that there is scarcely anywhere a trace of any buildings connected with them; and it is worth observing that very considerable deposits, if not the greatest known, occupy sites where there was no opportunity of water being made available as a moving power. At Cinder Grove coins of the Emperor Philip (A.D. 244-249) have been found; and to the east of Ross, on the opposite side to Bridstow, immense masses of Roman scorice have been found at Weston-under-Penyard, the site of the Roman town of Ariconium, which must have been a city of iron workers, and surrounded by forges."

The weakest part of the present book is that which treats of the earliest history of the Forest. The later history is full and complete, and exhibits much industry on the part of Mr. Nicholls, who has certainly done his best to give us a true picture of a district he justly terms "one of the most interesting and remarkable localities in the kingdom."

MR. ELLIS ON MADAGASCAR.

Three Visits to Madagascar during the Years 1853, 1854, 1856; including a Journey to the Capital. With Notices of the Natural History of the Country and of the present Civilisation of the People. By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS, F.H.S., Author of "Polynesian Researches." Illustrated by Woodcuts from Photographs, &c. London: John Murray. 1858.

(Concluded from page 821.)

It was only during his third and latest journey to Madagascar, in 1856, that Mr. Ellis penetrated to the capital (in the very heart of the island), rejoicing in the polysyllabic name of Antananarivo, which being interpreted means "the city of a thousand towns." The description of this visit naturally forms the most valuable and interesting portion of Mr. Ellis's admirable volume. The permissory invitation to visit the capital reached him in London towards the close of 1855, when the war with Russia was approaching its termination. Furnished with friendly messages from

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Lord Clarendon, Mr. Ellis, indefatigable and enthusiastic, quitted England in the early spring of 1856, and landed at the familiar port of Tamatave in the first weeks of July. Here he found every commercial sign of the increased activity occasioned by the reopening of the trade in 1853, although there were diffused alarming rumours of a threatened Anglo-French expedition against Madagascar. The influence of a contact with Europeans was curiously exhibited: when conducted to a handsome and comfortable residence by a Government employé, Mr. Ellis was assured that he might inhabit it rent-free, and the only hint at an equivalent was conveyed in the intimation that the official "wished to have the refusal of an officer's cocked hat, which he understood the captain of the ship had for sale"! European costume was more than ever the fashion. The Governor of Tamatave, on an official visit to Mr. Ellis, wore "scarlet embroidered pantaloons, a green coat, and a laced hat." Higher European things than trousers, coats, and hats still preserved their interest for the lively and ingenious population. Mr. Ellis had taken with him an electric telegraph apparatus, which he worked and explained to old friends and new at Tamatave. Their natural wonder was not, he says, "the blank unquestioning wonder of stolid ignorance," but "the surprise and intense interest of thinking men." Some time before, it seems, a Frenchman residing at the capital had offered to establish a telegraphic communication between it and Tamatave. The Queen, however, who in scientific as in religious matters "stood upon the ancient ways," declined the obliging proposal. Her Majesty expressed her opinion that "messages by relays of runners between the capital and the coast were quite quick enough for her, and much more sure than the proposed telegraphic wires would be, which would most likely soon get out of order and become useless." Clearly a cautious and conservative monarch! In a less brilliant but very useful department of industry, the iron manufacture, Mr. Ellis found much to be proud of before he left Tamatave. Madagascar abounds with excellent iron, and the natives had profited by the industrial teaching of the missionaries. Their smelting and smith processes were still primitive and rude, but improving. In axes, implements of husbandry, tools, and lamps, the Malagasies are ahead of some European nations. The natives understand, too, the manufacture of tolerable candles from the fat of the bullock. And, with French help, the Queen had endeavoured to introduce the cultivation of the cane and the manufacture of sugar, which, alas! has given place to the distillation of arrack. During his journey to the capital Mr. Ellis noticed, in a house here and there, "a barrel of arrack, with a brass tap in the end of it, standing near the door, and a number of natives sleeping on the ground round about it." These houses, he adds, "are the native grog shops, which have been recently established, and seem likely to prove prolific sources of idleness, poverty, and wretchedness to the people." A Maine Liquor Law is sadly wanted in pagan Madagascar.

The Journey to the Capital, Mr. Ellis's "crowning triumph," was begun on the 6th of August 1856, and it was not till the 26th of the same month that he entered the "city of a thousand towns." There are no roads in Madagascar, save those made by the naked feet of natives and by the hoofs of bullocks. The lakes and rivers rarely admit of water-carriage. The use of wheel-carriages and pack-oxen is unknown. All goods are conveyed from one part of the country to another on men's shoulders. So Mr. Ellis travelled in a palanquin with bearers, and a retinue of upwards of a hundred men carrying his packages. Wending his way under regal auspices, he was received at every village which he reached at eve by an official, and lodged in the public caravanserai, prudently provided by the Government for the use of travellers. The head man of the village would come hospitably with his presents of rice and fowls. Cultivation abounded where there was a population. "The women were generally covered from the neck to the ankles; but the men at work in the fields wore a piece of cloth round their waists." Sometimes the clay-built houses, with their doors and window-shutters of wood, and roofs covered with a neat thick thatching of grass, surrounded by fences, shaded by trees, with inclosed gardens or fields outside, and cattle feeding on the plain, gave to the whole scene, contemplated from a distance, "the appearance of an English farm." But what with

swamp, mountain, and forest, progress was slow, and often dreadfully toilsome. All the way, however, the missionary Fellow of the Horticultural Society alleviated the tedium of the journey by examining the new and curious plants, flowers, and trees of a region distinguished by its rich and rare Flora. Chief among the vegetable products of Madagascar is the so-called Traveller's Tree, of which there is a specimen in the palm-house at Kew; it rises from the ground with a thick succulent stem like that of the plantain. Like the plantain's, too, are the long broad leaves which it sends out from the centre of the stem, only that they rise not round the stalk, but in two lines on opposite sides, so that, as the leaves increase and the lower ones droop at the end, the tree presents the appearance of a large open fan. Fancy a tree, thirty feet high, with twenty-four bright green gigantic leaves, spread out like a fan at the top, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself four or six feet wide. Use is combined with beauty. In the most arid season it supplies the traveller with pure fresh water, when all the wells are dry. You strike it with a sharp instrument four or five inches deep into the thick firm end of the stalk of the leaf, near its junction with the trunk, and lo! a stream of clear wholesome water gushes out. Nor is this all. It might be called, says Mr. Ellis, "the builder's tree, quite as properly as the traveller's." With its leaves many of the houses are thatched. Their stems form the partitions and often sides of the houses. "I have seen the entire floor of a long well-built house covered with its bark, each piece being at least eighteen inches wide, and twenty or thirty feet long." The leaf when green is used as a wrapper for packages, and keeps out the rain. Large quantities are also sold every morning in the markets, as it serves the purpose of table-cloth, dishes, and plates at meals, and folded into certain forms is used instead of spoons and drinking vessels. *Urania speciosa* is the botanical name of this wonderful tree.

As Mr. Ellis approached the capital, he was welcomed by arriving friends with whom he had corresponded, and who, though twenty years had elapsed since the last English missionaries left the island, came joyfully to welcome him. "Some of them were remarkable looking men, whose presence would have commanded respect in any intelligent assembly, and whose past history of peril and deliverance was amongst the most remarkable and deeply interesting of any I had ever listened to." At last Antananarivo was entered, standing on a long oval-shaped hill, more than a mile and a half in length, sombre-looking with its wooden houses, unpainted, and their lofty narrow roofs covered with dark brown thatch. The natives came out to gaze as the European passed, escorted by officials, to the house appointed for him by her Majesty of Madagascar to dwell in. Of the two stories, the upper was for Mr. Ellis's attendants. The floors and walls of the two rooms in the under story were neatly covered with matting, and the inner or retiring room was what the advertisements call "replete with every convenience." There was a window "screened by a white muslin curtain or blind." We hear next of "a neat four-post bed, on which mats were spread, and which was encircled with white muslin curtains." Then there is "a table covered with a cloth, upon which were arranged tumblers, wine glasses, and a neat water jug;" while above "there hung a looking-glass," and "in front of the table stood an arm-chair." All this in the remote capital of roadless, barbarous, pagan Madagascar!

Of the surviving native Christians and their continued devotion to their adopted faith, Mr. Ellis, as hinted formerly, can only speak in general terms, since the frightfully penal laws against the profession of Christianity are still un repealed, and may be enforced at any time. Next to the native Christians, the personages most interesting to Mr. Ellis and to us are the pagan and persecuting Queen, and her son, the heir apparent and Prince Royal, who, a convert to Christianity, has exerted his powerful influence on behalf of his fellow-believers. The Prince Royal and his Princesses were both naturally friendly to Mr. Ellis, whose engraved photograph of them represents two short, stout, good-natured black people in European costume—military costume in the case of the Prince. On ordinary occasions, the future Edward VI. of Madagascar (so Mr. Ellis calls him) wore "a black dress coat and pantaloons, gold-embroidered velvet waistcoat, and white

cravat;" speaking English very tolerably. Of conversation with him on religious matters, if there was any, Mr. Ellis has given, except in one instance, no report, perhaps from prudential motives. The exception is in the case of some talk between them respecting a report that the Prince had become a Roman Catholic, which his Royal Highness denied. It seems based on the presence at the capital of a French Roman Catholic priest. Their conversation on secular matters is, however, fully reported. The Prince ("considering his age," says Mr. Ellis of him, "then twenty-six, his appearance struck me as juvenile, but extremely prepossessing, frank and open in his bearing and easy in his manners") the Prince expressed the greatest regard for England and the English, and his determination to govern Madagascar, if he lived to be placed upon its throne, in accordance with the best European notions of a wise and paternal sovereign. Both Prince and Princess were very curious to hear about Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, the marriage of the Princess Royal, &c., &c. Both were devoted to music and dancing, and some pieces of new music, which Mr. Ellis had taken with him from England, were most gratefully received. There was a native band, "originally taught during two years' residence in Mauritius, by the band master of the English regiments there," and which astonished Mr. Ellis with such familiar strains as "God save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," and "the British Grenadiers." On one point, the worthy English gentleman's knowledge was defective. When their Royal Highnesses asked whether Queen Victoria ever had dancing in her palace, Mr. Ellis was enabled, by trusting his memory of the *Court Circular*, to "reply with tolerable precision." But when the inquiries went into details, and when "four officers and the court ladies danced what was called an English country dance, and I was appealed to as to its being veritably such," Mr. Ellis was obliged to confess his ignorance, after having been previously forced to explain that "the society with which I associated in England did not practise dancing."

The most prominent, though not the most important incident of Mr. Ellis's sojourn in the capital, was his public and formal interview with the Queen. The presentation took place in the palace square, three sides of which were lined with soldiers, naked but for the white cloth round the waists and the white cross-belts upon their brown skins, despite the love of officers and officials for complete European uniforms, cocked hats included. Interpreters assisting, Mr. Ellis expressed the friendly sentiments of Queen Victoria, and the "friendly assurances with which we had been charged by" the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon: to all of which the Queen and her orator made suitable replies, her Majesty rising when she spoke, and delivering herself with "considerable animation." We quote the concluding passage of Mr. Ellis's account of the striking ceremony:

The account of my presentation to the Queen would, however, be incomplete without some slight notice of the palace and its occupants. The palace called the *Silver House* is an astonishing building. Few countries could furnish spars such as those which form the angles of this wonderful structure. It is entirely of wood, and is spacious, lofty, and light, as well as strong, and well put together; parallelogram in plan, and seemingly a hundred feet long, fifty or sixty feet wide, and seventy feet high. The walls are two stories high, and the whole building surrounded by a double verandah. The roof, which is of shingles, is steep, with three tiers of attic windows in the ends and sides. The centre of the roof is surmounted by a large gilt bird with outstretched wings, I suppose the voramahery—literally, *bird of power*—a species of vulture, and the crest or emblem of the Hovas. The large court at the northern end of the palace is inclosed by a stone wall, and the gate is in the northern side of the square. The building is not painted, but the wood appeared to be close-grained and durable.

Then as to royalty and its *cortège*:

The Queen and Court were assembled in the upper verandah or balcony. Her Majesty occupied the central place, her seat being raised above the rest, and covered with green damask. Her niece, the Princess Rabodo, and the female members of the Court, sat on her right hand; her son next to her, on the left; then her nephew, the other members of her family, and the chief officers of the Government. A large scarlet silk umbrella, embroidered and fringed with gold, was held or fixed over the Queen; and a smaller scarlet umbrella, without ornament, was over the Princess. The Queen's figure is not tall, but rather stout, her face round, the forehead well formed, the eyes small,

nose short but not broad, lips well defined and small, the chin slightly rounded. The whole head and face small, compact, and well proportioned; her expression of countenance rather agreeable than otherwise, though at times indicating great firmness. She looked in good health, and vigorous, considering her age, which is said to be sixty-eight. Her Majesty wore a crown made of plates of gold, with an ornament and chain something like a gold crocodile's tooth, in the front plate; she had also a necklace and large earrings of gold. Her dress was a white satin lamba, with sprigs of gold, which, considering the lamba as the national Hova costume, was quite a queenly dress. The Prince, her son, wore his star, and a coronet of apparently green velvet, bordered with a ring and band of leaves of massive silver. His cousin, Prince Ramboasalama, wore a black velvet cap embroidered with gold. Many of the officers wore silk lambas over their clothes. Including the members of the Queen's family, officers of the government, and attendants, there might be perhaps eighty or a hundred persons in the balcony; but a becoming dignity and propriety of deportment was manifest in all. No one spoke besides the Queen and her orator, excepting the Prince and one or two others near her person, who replied to some remarks which the Queen addressed to them; and could the remembrance of the tragic scenes which Madagascar has witnessed within the last twenty or thirty years have been blotted out, I should have gazed on the spectacle without any diminution of interest and pleasure, as exhibiting, in connection with the ruling power of the country, the outward indication of its progress and civilisation.

A few weeks after the interesting interview Mr. Ellis returned (homewards) to Tamatave, after having fruitlessly endeavoured to obtain the Queen's permission to extend the appointed limits of his visit. He reached England in the early spring of 1857; and now, nearly thirty years after the appearance of his "Polynesian Researches," the public has to thank him for a work which in freshness and novelty, as in higher qualities of treatment and style, recalls vividly that classical performance. We have only to add to our already emphatically expressed approval of Mr. Ellis's new volume, that the appendix contains an interesting philological disquisition on the Malagasy dialects; that the scientific naturalist and botanist will find much that is curious and valuable in his pages; and that the text is accompanied by many excellent pictorial illustrations of persons and scenery, from photographs and drawings made by the author. Altogether, since the publication of Dr. Livingstone's African travels, there has appeared no work of the kind comparable in general interest to Mr. Ellis's record of his recent experiences in Madagascar.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA.

Diary of a Journey from the Mississippi to the Coasts of the Pacific, with a United States Government Expedition. By BALDWIN MÖLLHAUSEN. With an Introduction by ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, and illustrations in chromolithography. Translated by Mrs. PERCY SINNETT. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

The age of chivalry may have departed; that of knight-errantry remains. If the profession has somewhat declined from its original estate, the fault must be charged upon the giants and dragons, who have latterly thought proper to become extinct. But the spirit which leads a man from the fireside in quest of adventure and heroic enterprise still lives and works with as much energy as ever. It does not seem to us that the genuine exploits of Herr Möllhausen, for example, would suffer much from a comparison with the fabulous renown of an Orlando or a Rinaldo. The very first words of his book are these: "On my return from an excursion to the United States of North America, during which I had spent a considerable time among the Indians on the Nebraska or Platte River." Simple words; but, much as we respect the heroes of romance, we question much whether any of them would have, not merely submitted to, but voluntarily chosen, a twelve-month's course of squaws, wigwams, red paint, war-dances, poisoned arrows, and dried buffalo beef. Well if these *desagrégements* were all the adventurer need dread; but here is a picture of the condition in which he may find himself after hunger has driven him to feed on wolves, and self-preservation to abridge the existence of two most estimable Pawnees:

"The night that followed this eventful day," pursued the narrator, "was the most dreadful of my life. I really thought I should have gone mad. The two corpses were but a few yards from me as I lay on my bed and cooled my wounds with snow. Of sleep or rest there could be no thought, for the wolves, attracted by the blood, howled dismally round the spot, and would not have suffered me to close my eyes,

even if my previous excitement had not made sleep impossible. I fired my pistol continually into the dark night, to keep off the hungry brutes; but besides this, I could do nothing but resign myself to my fate, and await the daylight. With the earliest dawn, however, I hastened out of my tent, to drag away the lifeless remains, and, if possible, rid myself of the dangerous company of the wolves. It was necessary, too, that I should efface all traces of the Indians, since I could not know whether others of their tribe might not pass that way, in which case the appearance of blood would have immediately decided my fate. I approached the spot therefore, and shuddered to see that the bodies lay in a different place, and were disgustingly mangled by the wolves. Hunger drove me to search them, and I found concealed under their leathern girdles some dried buffalo meat, which I took, and then rolling up whatever might have served to betray me with the remains in their buffalo robes, I tied them round, and by great exertion dragged them one after another to the hole in the ice, where I got my water, and pushed them under, so that they would be carried away with the current. After I had finished this melancholy task, I made such a fire on the place where the two robbers had left their blood, that even the wolves must lose the scent in the heap of ashes, and at night the usual snow storm set in, and effaced the last indications that might have led to a discovery; the hoarse cry of the raven mingled, in the customary way, with the howlings of the wolves, but I had now a feeling of security, as well as a revived hope of rescue, which was increased by the additional supply of food I had obtained."

Clearly the hero of this adventure was not a man to be overlooked by any party bent on exploring Prairieland, and he found no difficulty in being received as "topographer or draughtsman" into "the Southern Expedition for determining the line of railway to the Pacific ocean," commanded by Lieutenant Whipple, and preparing to start in the early summer of 1853. The ultimate aim to which it was intended to minister is one familiar to the thoughts of most, and calmly discussed in book and newspaper; yet, among all the giant enterprises of modern industry, it may be doubted whether there be any more stupendous and significant. It indicates that the race between civilisation and barbarism has reached the stage in which the former tries to trip the latter up. Hitherto all has been slow and gradual gain. Half a dozen men build them log houses by a wood; they cultivate the soil or fell the timber, and money is slowly accumulated; their families increase, and new dwellings rise around them; then come shops, chapels, theatres, jails; and those who fled the inequalities and miseries of a complex and over-populated society find that they have indeed changed their sky, but not their fate. So the emigrants' sons make a second step in advance; and the young generation fifty miles further west repeats the history of its predecessors. Thus the conquest of the wilderness is gradual, and the work of many lifetimes. But now civilisation has attacked its eternal enemy in the rear. With the Atlantic States on one side and California on the other, the old desolation is a candle burning at both ends. With brothers on the one yearning towards brothers on the other ocean, with vast mercantile interests depending perhaps upon the more or less speedy transmission of intelligence, the gigantic task of an inter-oceanic railway is one imposed alike by a moral and a material necessity. Soon, then, will civilisation spring fully armed into the wild arena, where she has hitherto only ventured in the timid guise of a stray hunter or a casual explorer. Gradual steps will be disdained: her most fabulous advances, her latest refinements, will be daringly and abruptly brought face to face with the dreariest savageness, the most utter solitude. The first travellers on this prodigious line will see man and untamed nature looking each other in the face as they have never looked before. On the one hand the impetuous train with its eager freight of colonists; on the other, the bison, the Comanche, the dismal monotony of the wilderness!

Herr Möllhausen's pages offer a vivid panorama of the changeful scenery of the desert. "Hitherto," he says, on leaving the Choctaw settlements, "you have been travelling through woods interspersed with prairies; now there lie before you prairies varied by occasional patches of wood." These prairies all belong to the kind called "rolling," where the land surges up and down in long sweeps of low hill and shallow vale, like a suddenly frozen ocean. As the traveller advances the waves become billows; and the brooks, no longer purling over pebbles and murmuring against grass, creep sullenly at the bottom of precipitous chasms, obstructing the traveller's course, but at the same time yielding

him a barrier against the tremendous fires which often devour the whole vegetation of the prairies. Considering the frequency and destructiveness of these, it is difficult to see how the scanty stream should still be shaded by willows, and the rolling surface dotted by dwarfish oaks. Animal life is scant and shy: the wolf lurks around the caravan by day and night; the distant bison occasionally dots the vast horizon, like a great ship seen far away at sea; the hawk and eagle hang poised with spreading vans upon the motionless air, or slowly wheel round and round in narrowing circles; the heron stands silent in the marsh; the vulture watches from the withered bough. The wandering Indian, thirsting for the white man's blood or spoil, adds but to the savageness of the general impression. The torpid Mexican towns seem the stray children of civilisation, which have wandered away into the desert, and learned to live with the wolves.

The real human interest of this enormous wilderness—and a strange and melancholy one it is—broods over the mysterious ruins of the old Indian cities. Ever and anon the voyager in New Mexico and Chihuahua comes upon a hill, which he approaches over a plain strewn with fragments of ancient pottery, and intersected with shallow trenches, anciently the ministers of irrigation and fertility. The hill will be crowned with low walls—low, for the upper part has gradually crumbled inwards and choked the rooms with rubbish, but presenting evident traces of having originally been at least three stories high. The material is clay mixed with flint and dried in the sun. A general feature of these ruins, when in tolerable preservation, is the relic of one very large building, perhaps a temple or a palace, near which have stood two or three of similar construction, but less considerable dimensions. If there have been any one-story houses, the crumbling material has returned to the dust whence it came; but, as the pueblo or domesticated Indians of the present day still live like bees in common and many-storied dwellings, it is not impossible that a few large houses may have served as the general residence of the tribe. Sometimes decay has been more complete, and the hills are merely crowned with heaps of rubbish; sometimes the bare foundations, the sole relics surviving,

No other chronicle afford
Than this—There lived a man!

Who reared these desolated abodes? and when? Are they the vestiges of an extinct people, aboriginal in New Mexico, or of the march of Toltecs or Aztecs, bound for the land of Montezuma? Probably the difference between Aztec, Toltec, and New Mexican, was not very considerable. The Toltec represents the portion of the race which, placed on a fertile soil and under favourable external circumstances, first rose to civilisation and a social organism. Like a plant exposed to bracing but chilling airs, the more northern Aztec slowly ripened on the highlands: here (about 1100 A.D.) he built the hill-forts now trampled by the buffalo; hence he descended upon the heritage of his more polite and effeminate brother, and, while he crushed him, left his own unoccupied dwelling to crumble into nothingness. The Zuni, most civilised of the Indians, who owns horses and asses and tills the ground with care, probably represents the portion of the Aztec nation left behind; the splendid Comanche horseman and the Bushmanlike Pah-Utah, remain to indicate the best and worst of man when he prefers free savagery to the toilsome apprenticeship of civilisation.

Passing these enormous wastes, with their forlorn ruins and gigantic cactuses, the voyager reaches a yet more dreary land. The soil is volcanic, bounded by conical mountains, whence reefs of cooled lava shoot out like rays from a black sun, on which the iron tires of the waggon wheels leave lead-coloured marks. There is an ascent of forty-seven feet to the mile, and, at the season of Herr Möllhausen's journey, the icy north wind filled the explorer's eyes with volcanic dust, subsequently replaced by snow. Then came the region of forests, which our traveller shall describe for himself:

The cold this morning was still more piercing than on the evening before, and the sky hung like a mass of lead on the white summits of the high mountains. A few flakes of snow began to whirl round us as we mounted, and induced us to draw our wrappings closer round us, as we hastened on after the waggons which were already on the way. After a few miles we came to a group of small extinct volcanoes, the only ornament of which was the cold black streams of lava, which could be clearly discerned on the grey surface of the hill; and towards the north-west rose more

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and more hills, one seeming to hide behind another. The ascent was now fifty feet to the mile, and the snow was falling so thick that we could no longer see round us, and had to be very careful not to miss the track, for a very few minutes served to cover it completely with snow. We met herds of forked antelopes, who appeared to be hastening away from the snowy regions towards the plains, and with every mile some change took place in the scenery. Single cedars began to emerge from the white covering, and, becoming thicker and thicker, at last formed woods, which increased in height as we advanced into them. We had to make many a round to avoid impenetrable thickets and deep ravines, that would have been impassable for our waggons. Our guides, amongst whom might now be reckoned those who had made the journey but a few days before, were scarcely able to make out the way we were going, through the falling snow; but, fortunately, the wind that raged above in the mountains did not reach us, sheltered as we were by both mountain and forest. Although we suffered a good deal from cold in the feet, we could not but rejoice in the fine spectacle of nature that surrounded us, and I believe that to all who shared in the expedition this first day's march in the depth of winter—this sudden transition from the dreary volcanic waste to vast forests and sky-piercing mountains—will not readily be forgotten. Most picturesque was the effect of the wild ravines and beds of torrents, with their huge blocks of stone covered with snow, and the black caves and chasms beneath, in which many firs and cedars had struck root. The slender trees hung perfectly still from the declivities, and allowed the snow to rest on the dark green needles that thickly clothed their boughs, only bowing their heads gently when a gust of wind rushed down the mountain to die away among their trunks. A solemn stillness reigned through all nature, for the deep snow hushed the sound of the waggon-wheels and mules' hoofs, and the wolves, lurking here and there in the woods, indulged us only now and then with a broken howl.

Here they paused—to keep Christmas. A gigantic bowl of punch was concocted in front of Lieutenant John's tent; gentlemen brought their own drinking-mugs; and the fun grew fast and furious:

Into a close cedar thicket, where the branches touched the ground, they threw firebrands; the pointed leaves or needles, rich in resin, caught fire immediately, the flames blazed over the tops of the trees, and sent millions of sparks up to the sky. It was a most beautiful spectacle! The illumination from the burning pines and other resinous woods threw a red glow on all objects around, and made the snow glitter with magic splendour, across which fell the dark shadows cast by giant trees, whose tops only were singed, and the most exquisite effects of light and shade were produced among the neighbouring rocks and mountains. The splendour of the sight served to enhance the gaiety of the company till it rose to an almost perilous pitch. The Mexicans sang their *Soli*, with choruses emphasised by continual firing of pistols, favourite negro melodies were volunteered by the American part of the company, and every fresh beaker was greeted with a fresh song; while at intervals the loud voices of the sentinels were heard calling the hour. As the whole camp had been for a long time deprived of all spirituous liquors, and their effect was increased by the tremendous heat of the vast fire on one side, and on the other by a current of air of the temperature of 16° Fahr. (—7° Reaumur), the effects of the jovial potations began ere long to be perceptible, and the mirth became more fast and furious. Our Mexican guide fetched two of his men, who had been prisoners with the Navahoe Indians, to perform a Navahoe dance. They placed themselves by the side of one another, laid one arm across their breasts, and linked the others together, and then danced and jumped with bent knees round the fire, and yelled, encouraged by our applause, till the perspiration ran down their faces.

Having entered upon this delicious wilderness, the next problem was how to get out of it. Plunging into vast forests, winding among rugged mountains, they won their way to a pass leading to the Pacific littoral. Here they found themselves upon the edge of a wide sandy plain, at the extremity of which shone something white like snow. This proved to be the bed of a great salt lake, entirely dried up, but which had left a saline crust upon the ground to the depth of half an inch. With awe and wonder the travellers moved across this skeleton of a literally dead sea, and soon afterwards found themselves in California. Here they could sum up the results of their mission. Whether the route surveyed by them will or will not be adopted as the path of the inter-oceanic line, is more than Herr Möllhausen or any one else is now able to tell. Nor do our traveller's scientific spoils appear to have been considerable—doubtless for the excellent reason that the dreary wastes he traversed maintain little life of any kind, animal or vegetable. Ethnology is the scientific speciality of the book; it is long since the Indian race has been so graphically or accurately described, and the accom-

panying sketches are admirable. By far the pleasantest part of the volume is his account of the Cherokee and Choctaw settlements bordering on Arkansas. As generally known, these lands were transferred to the Indians in exchange for their hereditary soil in Georgia and Alabama; it is, we surmise, not generally understood how happy and industrious a republic they have been able to form, with no enemy to dread at present beyond the white trader and his "fire-water." Here is a Longfellow-like idyl:

Following the sounds of the forge, you find your way through herds of sleek well-fed cows and oxen, who are reposing comfortably across your path, and are not at all inclined to allow themselves to be disturbed in the very pleasant occupation of chewing the cud; you come soon to a clearing, and to the paling of a farmyard, in the middle of which rises a rough but well-built log-house; some Indian children are wallowing about before the door, and a bantling-looking cock is observing their proceedings, while his own large polygamous family is picking up a living about the yard; a cleanly-dressed Indian woman is following her domestic occupations, her dark earnest eyes continually turning to her youngest darling, rolling there in the grass; some large dogs are stretched out in the shade of a tree, and would enjoy completely the sweets of idleness, were it not for the trouble of snapping occasionally at a tiresome fly. But unweariedly the mighty hammer continues its strokes, so that the little smithy trembles again, and the bellows draw long deep breaths. The wayfarer lingers, and almost fears by his entrance to disturb the pretty picture; but at length, tying his horse to the nearest tree, he approaches the paling, and immediately a heap of grunting members of the household, who have been sunning themselves voluptuously on the other side, scuffle snorting away, in their fashion announcing his approach. The signal of alarm is now given; the dogs spring up and rush at the stranger—the children make for the house-door—the baby turns round curiously in its mother's arms—the hens flutter away into the bushes, and the cock, by an arrogant cackling, expresses his opinion of the intrusion. Somehow the alarm that has been sounded finds its way into the smithy; bellows and hammer stop, and a sooty Indian advances to the doors, and, extending his hand with a friendly "How do you do?" invites the stranger to enter his abode, while his assistant, a blue black negro, leaves the fire to take care of itself to welcome the unexpected visit from a white man. In the mean time the train has come up; visitors make their appearance one after another at the little farm, and begin to look about them for eggs, milk, butter, chickens, and such like dainties, for which they gladly pay high prices; and the eyes of the Indian woman sparkle at the sight of the cash, for already in her mind's eye she sees the pretty stuffs and gay ribands which this unlooked-for windfall will enable her to procure.

The cordial praise of the great man who has honoured this book with an introduction almost dispenses us from the duty of eulogy. Nevertheless we may say briefly that it is long since we have encountered so interesting and picturesque a book of travel. The translator's task has been in general excellently performed—only, when she talks of a *candelabra*, we opine she commits a fault.

THE LITERATURE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

A History of the Literature of Ancient Greece. By K. O. MÜLLER. Continued after the Author's death by J. W. DONALDSON, D.D. London: John W. Parker and Son.

WE have in these volumes a fairly comprehensive history of Greek literature, extending over a period of more than 1800 years. Of course, ere this, individual scholars have elaborated certain eras and phases of Greek literature, either relative to the life and times of some particular author, or in attempting to prove a favourite and not always very probable theory regarding the connection of Hellenic manners and customs with literature; but it has been reserved for Professor Müller worthily to commence, and for Dr. Donaldson no less worthily to complete, a continuous history of Greek literature. And herein lies the chief value of this history, viz., that it is continuous—that it enables us to understand how rude lyric songs and epic rhapsodies gradually ripened into the glorious dramatic poetry of Æschylus and Sophocles, and the no less marvellous prose of Thucydides and Demosthenes. It is, too, by this continuity that we get some definite notion how the apparently tangled webs of Greek philosophy crossed and recrossed one another without confusion—what influence the crude though abstruse speculations of the Ionian school had on future generations of philosophers—how Socrates and his followers, quitting those unprofitable theories which touched almost exclusively on physical phenomena and the outer world, and deciding that "the proper study of mankind

is man," founded, in contradistinction to physical philosophy, that ethical school destined afterwards to prove the fruitful parent of ten other schools—a family decade too often resembling one another only in their degeneracy, but unanimous in claiming Socrates as their common founder, and whose claim must be partially at least allowed. Deeply interesting is it, too, to trace how Athens gradually became, to use the words of Plato, the Prytaneum of Greek wisdom; how poetry, prose, and oratory gravitated, as it were, to the banks of the Ilissus. For, as the Greeks of Asia Minor, of Sicily, Italy, and the islands, outstripped at one period continental Greece in material prosperity, so they had at one time an undoubted, though brief, intellectual preponderance, naturally produced and fostered by this prosperity. But the prosperity of Athens, of slower growth, was destined to long outlive the precocious bloom of non-continental Greece. The period at which the literature of Greece from being Hellenic became Attic may be dated from the fifth century B.C. Henceforth for many years the literary history of Attica was that of Greece; and accordingly this period forms the centre-piece of the tripartite division of Greek literature into pre-Athenian, Athenian, and post-Alexandrian, marked out by Professor Müller, and continued by his colleague. As Müller's work has been in the hands of scholars for nearly twenty years, it is without the pale of our criticism; yet we must notice the circumstance that Colonel Mure in his admirable work controverts Müller's opinion of Sappho. This latter scholar, from a few fragmentary remains of Sappho's poems, and from some incidental allusions to her in other writers, gives us a glowing and picturesque account of the poetess and her female companions. A scholar, and "a ripe and good one," like Müller, could limn Grecian life with a master's hand; and so, when we read the apt lecture which Sappho might have delivered to her brother Charaxus on his flirtation with Rhodope, we can scarcely help imagining, with Müller's aid, that to bestow moral precepts so admirably she must herself have been immaculate. But *audi alteram partem*: a scholar no whit inferior to Müller cannot see "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," and logically, and to us convincingly, controverts the original theory; and those who care to solve the problem of Sappho's erotic propensities will be amused, if not edified, by the continuation of the dispute between Mure and a German scholar. Those who may have hoped that there would have been no more scandal about the Lesbian dame will be pleased to hear that she has found a ready champion in Welcker, whose critical bitterness brings to our remembrance the anathema of the angry grammarian to his brother writer—"God confound you for your theory of impersonal verbs." Despite such enthusiastic championship, we are afraid that impartial readers must accept the theory of Col. Mure. Dr. Donaldson commences his portion of this work with a succinct account of the foundation of the Socratic schools: his life of Xenophon is somewhat more elaborate, though he awards scant praise to him either as a patriot or a writer. Dr. Donaldson suggests that "the wandering life which he led, his long absence from his native land, and his constant intercourse with foreigners, would tend to remove from his language the difficulty and idiomatic raciness of the Attic dialect; and as Lysias, a foreigner, living at Athens, adopted this plain style in the orations which he wrote for the Attic courts of law, so Xenophon, an Athenian residing in the Peloponnese, might naturally employ the same means of making himself understood to foreign readers." Be this as it may, we are far more inclined to agree with Cicero than with Helladius, in appreciating the beautiful simplicity of Xenophon's language. We cannot help thinking that, had this writer been a better patriot, he would have seemed an "Attic bee" to many who can recognise no beauties in non-admirers of the "Eye of Greece." Next follow carefully-written chapters on Plato, Aristotle, and Demosthenes. Dr. Donaldson expresses his concurrence with the sentiment so strongly expressed by Niebuhr, "that Demosthenes was politically a saint; that no man is to be envied who judges him differently; and that his whole political life, and all that concerns his honour as a statesman, are without spot or charge." Those who have read Mitford probably recollect the very different account he gives of this saintly personage; and, without venturing to compare Mitford to Niebuhr, we hold that the true mean in judging Demosthenes' character

may possibly be found somewhere between the adoration of Niebuhr and the detestation of Mitford. Certainly the former, in his Demosthenic enthusiasm, speaks most harshly of the Macedonian party; and the ultra-Toryism of the latter writer makes him even more unjust to the great democratic orator. But, after all, probably the most interesting portion of Dr. Donaldson's labours is that which treats of the non-classical writers. Though we may not, like Juvenal's schoolmaster, have to sigh that "quaque die miserum dirus caput Hannibal implet," yet most of us, from our "ingenuous boyhood," have our favourites in Greek literature, poets, orators, or philosophers, whose cause we have not lightly championed, and whose standard we may not lightly desert—and this, too, despite the fact that, generally speaking, we did not commence our acquaintance with them under very inviting circumstances. The thumbed or tear-blurred grammar often enough testifies that there is no royal road to Greek; and to too many learners Homer and Virgil have appeared at first—and sometimes even to the last—ingenious folios of torture, within whose pages are to be found crabbed impositions and memory-escaping heart-tasks rather than immortal verse. But all these favourites are to be found within the compass of the pre-Athenian or Athenian epochs. We are afraid that our study not only of Greek literature, but also of Greek history, far too often stops with the Macedonian ascendancy; and though we may be able to discourse learnedly on the correct era of the Trojan war, or glibly quote authorities as to the date of some non-existing comedy of Aristophanes or tragic fragment of Euripides, we may yet be puzzled to distinguish accurately between Demetrius Phalereus and Poliorcetes, and probably scarcely know whether Triclinius of that ilk was a king or a commentator. Alexander may have served in our school-days to point a moral against drunkenness; we are perhaps so far acquainted with the vividly pictorial biographies of Plutarch as to know that Shakspeare in three of his plays borrowed not only his characters, but often his actual words; we may know that Lucian's "True History" suggested Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," and inspired some of the liveliest sallies of Rabelais, Cervantes, and Butler; and Southey's "Doctor" may remind us that there once lived a gossiping author named Athenæus. But, as our universities and schools ignore for the most part these and the like writers, of course the great majority of students—who read rather what pays in the class-examination than what profits—naturally do so likewise. Now we do not suggest that, because the "Hippias" of Lucian may be more interesting than the "Hippiarchus" of Xenophon, or the "Hero and Leander" of Musæus infinitely more beautiful than the "Supplices" of Euripides, therefore we should substitute the literature of the fifth century A.D. for that of the fifth B.C.; yet undoubtedly the occasional dross of the golden age of Attic literature might be improved by an admixture of the pure silver of the later period. In fine, the latter portion of Dr. Donaldson's work is scarcely less profitable reading than the earlier chapters by Müller; and it has the additional charm of novelty in chronicling a period little known, we suspect, to many otherwise good classical scholars. It is, too, an interesting task to trace in these pages how literature and art in their decline naturally gave birth to an expansion and improvement in critical science; how in oratory improvised fluency degenerated into scholastic preparation; how history became rhetorical; and how out of the abundance of the literary institutions and libraries of Alexandria book learning was substituted for originality, and great authors gave way to skilful commentators. Dr. Donaldson tells us that he felt "a conviction that this book, if completed with tolerable success, would furnish an aid to the classical student which has not been, and is not likely to be, superseded;" and in a subsequent sentence he says of Müller's work, that "it is without any rival present or prospective." Now Dr. Donaldson has completed this work with more than tolerable success; indeed, his portion of the book is quite equal, if not superior, to Müller's; but yet it has even at present a successful rival in Col. Mure's work, which, as far as the comparison extends, decidedly bears off, in our opinion, the palm from the twin progeny of Drs. Müller and Donaldson. On the prospective chances of these volumes we shall restrain our prophetic powers, simply adverting to the fact

that histories more ambitiously written and more bepraised than the work before us are now reclining in well-earned slumber on their dusty shelves. Crevier, Hooke, and Mitford have passed away; Niebuhr and Arnold are fast passing away, or at least deserve this fate according to a writer well competent to give an opinion, and a former collaborateur of Dr. Donaldson—Sir George Lewis; and if his vaticinations be true, this book may well be contented to find itself forgotten in such good company.

THE REV. DAVID JAMIESON'S POEMS.

Scenes of Youth Revisited. By the Rev. DAVID G. JAMIESON of Kilmarnock. Edinburgh: J. Menzies. Glasgow: D. Robertson.

In this little unpretending volume we find a proof that something of the ancient spirit of Burns lingers on in the country of his birth. In Ayrshire, as in other parts of Scotland, the success of our great national bard created for a while a spawn of imitators, of whom in one of his letters he grievously complains. Every village produced its petty Burns, and these generally were careful to copy, not merely the defects of that poet's verse, but of his life. Some of them indeed, such as Tannahill and Alexander Wilson, who began by imitating Burns, found out afterwards paths of their own, and, being men of real genius, established an independent reputation—Tannahill by his sweet sea lyrics, and A. Wilson first by his "Watty and Meg," and then by his "American Ornithology." This rage for imitation speedily passed away, and the mocking birds, receiving little encouragement, ceased their empty songs. Within late years there has arisen a school of belated Burnsites, possessing however no little talent and genius, generally known by the name of "the Whistlebinkie School," who have set themselves with very considerable success to paint those peculiarities of Scottish manners which still, like autumnal tints, linger on beautiful in their decay, and reminding us pensively of the past. This school has met with a warm and wide reception in Scotland, although it is almost entirely unknown in the southern part of the island.

Mr. Jamieson does not belong to the "Whistlebinkie" school of poets, and is not an imitator of Burns. Still the influence of that surpassing bard, united with the influence of the scenery which inspired him, have done a good deal to colour his line. His volume is remarkable for its simplicity and sincerity. It has no pretensions to that high polish or that artistic unity at which so many of our poetic writers now aim, whether they reach it or not. It is just a free outpouring of the joyous emotions with which a man of middle age revisits and reviews the scenes of his childhood, and, though written by one of mature years, its every page is redolent of youth. The stream along whose course his fancy wanders is one of which Burns too wrote in one of his finest songs, which began originally thus:

Behind yon hills where Stinchur flows,
Mang moors and mosses many o',
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa to Nannie O.

The poet, thinking "Stinchur" (although pronounced Stinchur) not sufficiently euphonious, changed it to "Lugar;" but, says Mr. Jamieson, "the locality of the stream does not answer the description. The wintry sun, as seen from the residence of the bard at the time; did exactly set behind the hills where Stinchur flows, and he opened the day, as the poet in another place tells us, 'o'er Galston moor,' which was east of his abode. But for a mere whim the Stinchur would have been as immortal as the Doon, and in a song as beautiful."

Of this discredited river our author further says: "The Stinchur is a native of the parish of Barr. A mountainous moorland farm—Shalloch of Minnoch—is the place of its birth; but, as there were neither session clerks nor registrars when it was born, its birth is unrecorded and its age is therefore unknown. Its run is south-west, and, after skirting the villages of Barr and Colmonell, it falls into the sea at Ballantrae. Its whole course is about thirty miles, and it is said to be the largest stream in Ayrshire."

The idea of writing a poem on a river is by no means a new one. It appears to have originated in the fertile brain of Coleridge, among whose ten thousand unfinished designs is one entitled "The Brook, a Poem." Wordsworth, too, has written a long series of sonnets on the river Duddon. An ingenious acquaintance of ours, following out the idea, wrote some years ago a good poem on

the river Tay, tracing it from its parent lake to the ocean, in very sufficient Spenserian rhyme. And now comes Mr. Jamieson, doing octosyllabic homage to his native stream, the Stinchur. We wish we saw poems in like manner on some of the great rivers of the earth. Who shall sing us the Rhine, during its 900 miles of course from the Alps to the ocean, with its memories, its architecture, ruined or remaining—its rocks, vineyards, forests, cities, villages, castles, and the legends which cluster round each—a river enriched by the essence of modern history as well as radiant with the lustre of ancient time, of the poetic glory of which Byron has only caught a drop when he cries:

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine, a vain adieu:
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;
The mind is coloured by thy every hue.
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze on thee, thou lovely Rhine,
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise.
More varied scenes may rise, more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze,
The brilliant, fair, and soft, the glory of old days.

The task of singing this transcendent river, like that of producing a poem on "the Mediterranean" (long since pointed out to Johnson by General Oglethorpe as a fine subject for a poem) lies over for some "Coming Man," since none among our present race seems either able or willing to encounter it, and the exquisite "Pilgrims of the Rhine" is as yet its true and only, albeit imperfect, epic.

Mr. Jamieson has no Rhine, nor even a Clyde or Forth, to sing. But his mode of dealing with his dear, native, neglected Stinchur is very pleasing. Thus he announces its entrance:

Child of the moorland, mountain spring!
Thou creepst forth a tiny thing,
From thy rush cradle, gathering strength
And breadth from streamlets, till at length
Thyself a Beauty dancest through
Enchanting scenes of beauty too.

And on he goes, sometimes like his stream, rolling through dull and dreary paths, but speedily bursting out into life, beauty, and music again. Round each village, hamlet, parish school, farmhouse, garden, and moorland, he hangs couplets of poetry, like chains of gold or silver, till at last, as he approaches the close of the beautiful pilgrimage, he bursts out into a strain of farewell eulogium, which we deem full of feeling and poetry:

Dear stream, farewell—
Thy course is run—thy music o'er,
We lose thee now upon the shore;
Thou art, and yet thou art not gone,
For still thou, murmuring, eldest on.
Fresh drops pursuing those that flee
In such a close affinity,
Regulate us, and we're apt to think,
While standing on thy lovely brink,
Thy life-time long compared with ours,
And measured not by fleeting hours.
We deem that thou art all thou wast
When we were young; and yet thou hast,
Since dawned this morn upon the earth,
Thy journey finish'd and thy mirth:
Thou hast, unhonour'd, found thy grave—
A rolling, restless ocean wave.
But from it thou shalt soon arise,
To shine in rainbows in the skies;
Or float in clouds, supplies to bring
Back to thy channel and thy spring.
Afar upon the wings of wind,
Perchance to Ganges and the Sindh—
God-rivers both—shall others soar,
Thy waters into them to pour;
And there receive, as on thy roll,
The worship of a Pagan's soul.
How sad to think a stream should be
In heathen lands a deity!
On whose green verge the mother, wild
And frantic, clasps her smiling child,
Ere with a strange convulsive start
She tears it from her throbbing heart
And casts it to the sullen wave—
Vain sacrifice!—her soul to save.

Euge! dear David Jamieson. Yet let us tell our friend, in all good humour, as we would also whisper in the ear of the author of "Festus" (whose "Age, a Satire," is not a good satire at all, but is full of the finest and truest poetry), in his next edition to exclude all doggerel and careless verses, and to condense his matter into what it should be—a beautiful, true, and short descriptive poem.

APOLLODORUS.

MINOR POETS.

The Vision of Prophecy and other Poems. By JAMES D. BURNS, M.A. Second Edition. London: Edmonston and Douglas.

Instauration: a Poem. By R. S. R. London: Partridge and Co.

The Hermit of the Pyrenees and other Poems. By REDNAXELA. London: Longman and Co.

An Hour Ago; or, Time in Dreamland: a Mystery. By J. F. CORKRAN. London: Longman and Co.

WE prophesied a favourable reception for *The*

Vision of Prophecy more than three years ago, and our anticipation is realised by a second edition. If necessary, it would be easy to enlarge on the opinion we then briefly expressed; but why enlarge when our estimate of the poet would be intrinsically the same? A re-perusal of a portion of these poems establishes a foregone conclusion. We recognise as old friends the vigour and the fertility of the poet, his devotional fervour, and his power of illustration. This second edition is not dead lumber for the publisher's shelves, but it has ample life to fructify and make its way in the world.

Instauration, by R. S. R., is a very bad name for a poem, inasmuch as it is neither euphonious nor pictorial. It is moreover a word in little use, and its meaning is by no means familiar. So far as the poem itself goes, the explanation is not difficult. We can hardly recall a poet who has not lived and died in the delightful faith that this earth, now so branded with crimes and scarred with tyrannies, shall yet undergo "instauration," or, in other words, a return to virtue and Arcadian simplicity. Supposing this idea to be merely a pleasant fiction, yet the picture is so beautiful that we should be loth to disturb it. The world would be poor indeed if some such faith did not occupy it. It has sustained heroes and martyrs, and will sustain yet more, since every man toils the more honestly and courageously for human regeneration the more lofty his ideal of human capability. Call him infatuated if you will, and avoid his example if you would escape the pains of that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick"—but Robert Owen, over whom the grave has just closed, was a truly honest man. Death found him panting upward to that luminous ideal which he had formed even while political darkness seemed to be gathering over Europe. It is a similar idea, though never in similar manner attempted to be carried into practice, which has animated so many of our poets. The *Instauration* of the bard who signs himself R. S. R. is another, and, for aught we know, the latest, illustration of the kind. Looking around on our neighbours, a reasonable man would think that the reign of "peace and universal love" is hourly becoming more mythical; and yet it may not be so, for, if there be any truth in the proverb that things mend when they come to their worst, we ought to be obliged to the man who brings about the worst soonest. In this sense Frenchmen ought to be very grateful to Louis Napoleon. The poem before us will not go far to help on the Millennium. The author is sufficiently modest; he does not bore us with abstruse philosophies, but he expends something more than 200 pages simply to make us hopeful.

Hope, hope, I give unto the world! I speak
To fit the word of sweet encouragement,
The restoration of all things to joy.

Without hope in the world what a dreary world this would be. For the poet's gift of "hope," then, we are thankful, but would rather do without the hope if we must take with it the whole of the poet's words. A great portion of the poem is nothing but rhapsodical flourish, for which we have no liking. It is astonishing how industrious the poet has been in hammering his bit of gold into thin tissues. We find no fault with this poem in conception, nor as a rhythmical performance; but the object of words should be to develop ideas, not to supplant them. We do not desire to drive R. S. R. from the walks of the muse, because his poem, especially the opening portion of it, shows glimpses of real poetry. By all means let him write again, always avoiding diffusiveness.

The Hermit of the Pyrenees, by Rednaxela, which means Alexander reversed, is entitled to some consideration. We can best describe this book by saying that it contains a series of metrical stories in the irregular rhythm of Southey's "Thalaba." At the eastern extremity of the valley of Lux in the Pyrenees, upon an eminence, rises an old and half-ruined tower which it is said was for a number of years the residence of a lonely recluse, and on this circumstance the stories are founded. Why the hermit chose such an abode is best told in his own words:

I raised my voice
To speak what I believe.
Then persecution came;
My crime the crime of all
Who dare to utter what the heart can feel.

If ever Frenchmen should raise a statue to Montalembert, we could not suggest a more suitable inscription than the passage just quoted. With the Hermit of Lux as a starting point, the stories concerning him could only be limited by the

poet's power of invention. Not six, as we have here, but six hundred may be written, with a hero already at hand. Of course each subject would open the way for a description of grand and imposing scenery, so that the poet would be surrounded by valuable accessories. Scenery occupies such a leading position in *The Hermit of the Pyrenees*, that it ceases to be an accessory, and becomes a chief charm. Mountain, chasm, glacier, all that is lovely and all that is grand, or, as the poet finely expresses it,

Beauty in the arms of Mars,

are brought to the mind's eye with wonderful distinctness. This alone is sufficient to give the poems a place in the literature of the day.

An Hour Ago; or, Time in Dreamland will, we think, be considered a heavy poem. When Eugene Aram told his little schoolboy the story of a murder—his murder—he guards himself by saying:

My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream.

Mr. Corkran has hedged himself round with a similar explanation. The poet "far i'th night," and after a hearty supper probably, doses. After a brief time his good-tempered wife wakes him and says:

Thou hast profoundly slept a good long hour—

though that is too measured a phrase for a wife who is rather disposed for bed. Then the poet remembers that in that brief space he has travelled far back into history, as far as Mahomet. The result of that retrospection is the volume before us. Mr. Corkran might have followed Lamartine and called his book "Celebrated Characters," since it consists of metrical sketches of statesmen, heroes, reformers, inventors, and others who are heirs of fame. The poet has produced some bold, strong, characteristic lines, but he fails to enchain the interest of the reader. He evidently thinks he has written a poem which has grown from a natural sequence, whereas he has written many poems. We do not know that his volume is worse on this account, and we accept it as a portfolio of portraits, painted in many instances with a thorough knowledge of individual features.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The White Doe of Rylstone; or, the Fate of the Nortons. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London: Longmans. 1859.

Odes and Sonnets. Illustrated. London: Geo. Routledge and Co. 1859.

DRESSED in richest but most tasteful trappings, Wordsworth's *White Doe* comes to us, one of the most welcome of the Christmas book-flowers—for we know not what else to compare withal those splendid volumes which some of our publishers have got into the habit of issuing at this season, when all who are so happy as to be able to afford it love to indulge in luxury and splendour. It is the more creditable to their artistic feeling that they persevere in the issue of these magnificent triumphs of typography, when we hear, as we do upon reliable authority, that hitherto the experiment has not proved a successful one in a commercial point of view. What with art education being but a recent discovery—the baneful effects in that direction of our exclusion from the Continent during the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century—the long triumph of Puritanism among our middle classes—and last, but not least, the non-celibacy of our clergy—we are but niggard patrons of real works of art. But a very short time ago a London publisher determined to have a picture engraved which had created some sensation in the metropolis, and for that purpose took the usual course of having it subscribed, in order that he might judge how far he would be justified in risking his money. In London the list prospered pretty well, but in the counties it was an utter failure: it might be a very beautiful picture, but the subject was horrid; it represented low people, wicked people. For these reasons the publisher very wisely determined to abandon his original intention, and the picture will not be engraved. Upon hearing of this, a gentleman asked the publisher the following very natural question: "But why, if you can't sell enough engravings here, do you not try for the foreign markets? In France and in Germany they would buy it if it were a work of art, without questioning the character of the subject." "That is true," was the reply; "but then I should have to spend twice the money upon the thing. For the English market four or five hundred pounds

would have been sufficient, but not if it had to go abroad." And here lies the root of the mischief, ineradicable until art education has done its work. People know so little about the value of works of art, of the rarity of the talent which produces them, and of the difficulties in the way of the artist, that they really believe they have done a fine thing when they have spent five shillings upon a print or a guinea upon a statuette. Perhaps no better proof could be obtained of the deplorable state in which public taste was between twenty and thirty years ago than the favour with which the annuals—those Della Cruscan scrap-books—were received. Turning over the now faded pages of those extraordinary olios, it is ludicrous to think that in the last generation the investment of half a guinea or a guinea in the purchase of a copy every Christmas, to be displayed upon the drawing-room table when the brown Holland bags were off and the bright poker out, was considered by many a Great Briton an ample sacrifice to the Muses. That an admiration for these gems of art still dwells in many a secluded spot, undisturbed by the Department of Art and regardless of the *Art Journal*, something which happened very lately has convincingly proved to us. A connoisseur of approved judgment was engaged in turning over his choicest portfolios for the inspection of some worthy ladies of the old-fashioned sort. There were the cherished darlings of his collection—a veritable copy of the Hundred Guilder Plate (for which many a collector would give his ears), fine specimens of Albert Durer, the Merghems, and Marco Antonio Raimondi. Flushed with just pride at the beauties, he appealed to the spectators, "Are they not beautiful?" When, guess his horror at receiving the reply, "Yes, indeed; they are as pretty as the Annuals."

These illustrated editions of well-known works and collections of poetic gems are the successors to the Annuals, by no means perfect when judged by a high standard, but wonderfully so when tested by their price, and immensely superior to their predecessors. Perhaps they are not intended to be read; indeed, if we had to read *The White Doe* for the first time, we are not quite certain whether we should not prefer a smaller, handier, and less costly edition than this one. We regard these more in the light of luxurious articles of ornament; fitted to repose upon the piled velvet covering of drawing-room tables, among the flower-vases and the tazzas, and the sculptured toys and the nick-nacks,—there to be turned over and admired when the guests came in from dining, or when some fond couple needs the excuse of an object of common interest to separate from the rest of the party. For such uses as these, or for the adornment of my lord's library or my lady's boudoir, these volumes are all that can be desired.

The illustrations in Messrs. Longman's edition of "The White Doe" are forty-two in number; thirty of which are by Mr. Birket Foster (whose marvellous facility of production entitles him to be called the Lope de Vega of designers), and the remaining twelve are by Mr. H. N. Humphreys. Good as his style is, it seems almost a pity that Mr. Foster cannot occasionally throw some slight tincture of variety into it. Dark masses of cloud, and tree, and river, with a mansion, a church, or a ruin, on an eminence, form doubtless a very good subject for a drawing; yet we may possibly have a little too much of even such things as these. In this very volume there are no less than nine views in which the elements which we have named form the chief component parts. We scarcely urge this by way of blame, because whatever Mr. Foster does cannot be otherwise than admirable; yet we would fain see him try to change his style now and then, and wander a little from what we are obliged to call a mannerism, even if the result were not quite so happy. The drawings by Mr. Humphreys are lighter in their quality than those of Mr. Foster, and consequently afford an agreeable variety. The printing of the book, the richness of the paper, and the beauty of the binding, with its rich floral embellishments in gold, and the white doe displayed in virgin white upon a golden ground in the centre, render it an ornament fit to grace a palace, and yet within the reach of those who do not dwell in marble halls.

In Messrs. Routledge's pretty volume of *Odes and Sonnets* we have Mr. Birket Foster again; for, as the legend upon the second title-page informs us, "the pictures in the book are by Birket Foster, the ornamental designs by John Sleight;

engraved and printed by the Brothers Dalziel." Mr. Foster's "pictures" are twenty-five in number; and the same observations will apply to these which we have made with regard to the other volume. This difference, however, is notable, that the effect of the engravings has been aided by the introduction of colour; and this is decidedly a most successful example of that very hazardous experiment. The ornamental designs by Mr. Sleight are printed in colours, and they deserve the utmost commendation, both for the tasteful drawing which they display, and the exquisite delicacy of the printing. Some of the initial letters would do no discredit to Sylvestre's noble work. In all other respects, type, paper, and binding, this volume forms a worthy companion to "The White Doe."

The Nature and Purpose of God as revealed in the Apocalypse. Part III. (Edinburgh.)—This new abortive attempt at explaining the mysteries of the Apocalypse is here brought to a close, very much to the satisfaction of the author, who, in a manner the most self-complacent, asks for an examination of his arguments and conclusions, with the firm conviction that what he has written will stand the severest scrutiny. Like most others of the interpreters of the Apocalypse, he looks for the fulfilment of its prophecies and prefigurations to the future. Much, however, has been already accomplished in this way, he tells us, even in our own time; and we may, therefore, measure the amount of reliance to be placed upon him with respect to the future, by the judgment he shows in reference to the past and present. Thus, he tells us that the "hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel" standing with the Lamb on Mount Zion, are typical of the Jewish Emancipation Bill passed only this year; and "that the Act of the British Parliament, by which the Jews were virtually emancipated, was the visible sign of the advent of an epoch the most critical and momentous, and yet the most glorious, in its final consequences, of any that has hitherto dawned either upon Britain or the world at large." Again, it is to quite modern times, and indeed our own day, that we are to look for the fulfilment of the Angel's prophecy, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen." "So far as the event signified is concerned," he says, "the cry of the Angel, either in its restricted or extended interpretation, might have been uttered any time since the year 1848-9; for Babylon, or the civil dominion of Rome, fell first in the year 1808-9; and a second time in the year 1848-9. On both occasions its fall was preceded or accompanied by the fall of the other kingdoms of the earth over which the woman, or that great city, reigns as spiritually and ecclesiastically supreme." He goes on to speak of the flight of the Pope from Rome in November 1848 as a distinct proof of this; but he does not stop to consider whether this was the first Pope that was ever so situated; nor does he remind his readers that the Popes for a long while, centuries ago, resided at Avignon; nor that there were at one time as many as three rival Popes. Surely, it was not in the years 1808-9 and 1848-9 alone that it might have been said "Babylon is fallen, is fallen;" even if we should grant, which we do not, that Papal Rome was intended to be foreshadowed in the Babylon of the Apocalypse. With respect to the Turkish empire again, the writer has much to say in its connection with the Apocalyptic visions. Our readers, however, must be as unwilling as ourselves to dwell longer upon such a subject, however interesting his opinions touching Gog and Magog, the woman clothed in scarlet, the great battle of Armageddon, &c., &c., may be to writers like Dr. Cumming and the author of "The Coming Struggle."

The Bible History of Satan. Is he a Fallen Angel? By a Cambridge Master of Arts. (London: Hatchard.)—A very curious discussion is raised in this pamphlet, not only with respect to Satan, the spirit of evil, but with respect to those other angels of whom the Scripture informs us that they "kept not their first estate." Of the former the writer avers that, after a strict examination of all those passages of Scripture in which his name is introduced, he finds no warranty for believing that he was a fallen angel. On the contrary, it appears to him more consistent with revelation, and more agreeable to common sense and reason, to regard him "as an independent power, an evil spirit existent from eternity, existent when the earth was chaos and confusion, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." However much this may be opposed to the generally-received opinion on the subject, it is quite in keeping, he believes, with the character of Satan, from the first mention made of him in Holy Writ, when under the guise of a serpent he tempted our first parents, down to the latest in the Apocalypse. He is always the opposer and the accuser. His very name in Greek, *Δαβαλος*, is "nearly a literal translation of the Hebrew *Sathanas*, an adversary or accuser in a court of justice." Such he was when he appeared before the throne of God and asked permission to vex righteous Job. So in Zechariah iii. 1: "He showed me Joshua the high priest standing before the Angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him." And

so, "in all cases, he opposes himself to God, knowing his inferiority, but asserting his independence." It was the same spirit of opposition to whatever is of God that prompted the magicians to resist Moses. This spirit of evil, Satan or Devil, it was also that instigated Cain to murder his brother Abel, and provoked David to number Israel. All witches and sorcerers derived their power from him. The damsel at Thyatira who had a spirit of divination was possessed by him, and so also was Simon Magus. "In fact," says the writer, "from one end of the Bible to the other the direct influence of Satan upon mankind is fully recognised. He granted to men supernatural powers, he filled their minds with evil inclinations, he took possession of their living bodies, produced madness, inflicted disease. . . . Nay, so general does the evil power of Satan appear, and so various are the evils and diseases, mental and bodily, which are attributed to him, that it becomes a question how far we may be justified in supposing that all disease is, by God's permission, the direct infliction of Satan." Such a spirit, he contends, must have existed from all eternity. The fallen angels, on the other hand, were those Sons of God who "saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took them wives of all they chose." Modern commentators generally agree in the opinion that these *Sons of God* were the descendants of Seth who intermarried with the descendants of Cain. Dr. Maitland, however, wrote a pamphlet some time ago, in which he strongly upheld the more ancient belief of the Fathers, that these *Sons of God* were in reality angels from heaven; and the present author is decidedly of the same opinion. "If not so," he argues, "why are the daughters of Cain supposed to have been pre-eminently fair? whence did the sons of Seth come down to the daughters of Cain? why was the offspring of this connection the giants? The account, to be at all intelligible, must be taken in its obvious and literal sense. These angels sinned, because urged on by lust they 'left their own habitations' and took to themselves wives from among the daughters of men, for which sin we are told that they are 'reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.' These also are 'the spirits in prison,' to whom Christ preached when he descended into Hades. 'I cannot feel a doubt on the subject,' says the author; 'nor do I think that any one, who dispassionately lays before his view the sixth chapter of Genesis, the third chapter of the 1st of St. Peter, the second chapter of the 2nd of St. Peter, and the epistle of St. Jude, can arrive at a different conclusion, without strewing his path with insuperable difficulties.' That he has himself succeeded in getting rid of all the difficulties that beset such a question he does not pretend; but he thinks, and we think with him, that his views are at least entitled to a candid examination.

The Theological Faculties of the Scottish Universities in connection with University Reform: a Letter to H. M. University Commissioners for Scotland. By JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Divinity, St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. (Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.)—University Reform appears to be the order of the day, not only in England but Scotland, and certainly not before it was needed. In such a matter, however, the "hasten slowly" maxim should never be lost sight of. To impress this upon the minds of H. M. University Commissioners for Scotland is the object of Dr. Tulloch's pamphlet. It would seem that an agitation is at work to leave out the theological faculties in the Scotch universities from the contemplated measures of reform about to be applied to the other faculties, on the ground that where there is so much diversity of opinion between the Established Church, the Free Church, and the Dissenters, no measure of reform could be devised that would satisfy them all equally. Nay, further, it is proposed by some to exclude theology altogether as a part of the national university curriculum, and trust to the independent efforts of the several religious bodies for the theological training of their students. Against this Dr. Tulloch strongly protests, on the ground that in Scotland they are all Calvinists alike, and that, consequently, it would be for the interest of all "to co-operate in an adequate and comprehensive system of national theological instruction." Such a system, he contends, should be constructed upon a broad and liberal basis, and should embrace two chairs in each university, namely, one of Hebrew, and the other of Biblical criticism, which should be open to the best qualified men, irrespective of the Church to which they may happen to belong. This proposal is so much in accordance with common sense, that we trust it will meet with the approbation of H. M. Commissioners.

The Ministry of Life. By MARIA LOUISA CHARLES-WORTH, author of "Ministering Children," &c. &c. (London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.)—This is a story written with the purest of motives, namely, for the purpose of showing how large an amount of good can be done in the world by persons who, having time at their disposal, and occupying a commanding position in society, feel that they have a "ministry" to fulfil towards others, especially the very poor, which it would be criminal in them not to discharge. In its composition the religious element altogether predominates. Hence it is lacking in variety. All the principal characters are so good and

pious, that as we proceed with the story we long for something that shall be quite their opposite—in one word, for why should be too nice? some villain of the piece. The villain, however, won't turn up. There are pious and amiable ladies enough, young and old; a model young clergyman; ditto a young captain of the Hedley Vicars stamp; a converted fisherman and his wife; model cottagers and a model schoolmistress, under whom "the ratio of learning is kept at a moderate amount," it being a theory of the writer that our present system of education for the poor is not by any means the best adapted either to their capacities or their wants. Although we have called this book a story, there is so little plot in it that it scarcely deserves the name. Of descriptions of natural scenery there are none that deserve to be mentioned; there is not a single love-scene, and not a hint of intrigue; the work ending in a very common place manner, with the marriage of the model young lady with the model young rector of the village. Many of the other characters die off by consumption or otherwise, and the rest are, we presume, still fulfilling their destiny. What that may be the writer will perhaps inform us in a future volume.

Our Little Ones in Heaven: a Collection of Thoughts in Prose and Verse. With an introduction by the late Rev. HENRY ROBBINS, M.A. (London: Low, Son, and Co.)—This selection has been made with considerable taste, and the volume forms an appropriate present to bereaved parents, offering comfort and solace to them in their affliction. Most of the pieces are by well-known authors, but some few are anonymous—having been written, we presume, by the editor himself. The following, in prose, is so beautiful that we cannot refrain from extracting it:—"You have two children," said I. 'I have four,' was the reply, 'two on earth, two in heaven.' There spoke the mother! Still hers, only gone before! Still remembered, loved, and cherished, by the hearth and at the board, their places not yet filled, even though their successors drew life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed. 'Two in heaven!' Safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By green pastures, tended by the good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold. 'Two in heaven!' Earth less attractive, eternity nearer, invisible cords drawing the maternal soul upwards. Still small voices ever whisper 'Come!' to the world-weary spirit. 'Two in heaven!' Mother of Angels! Walk softly! Holy eyes watch thy footsteps! Cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth's taint; so shalt thou go to them, though they may not return to thee." We regret to state that since the introduction was written the editor has himself passed from this world, at the early age of thirty-eight.

Sunday Evenings with Sophia; or, Little Talks on Great Subjects: a Book for Girls. By LEONORA J. BELL. (London: Griffiths and Farran.)—This little book is one well adapted to the capacities of children, conveying sound instruction in plain language. Besides other things, it contains an admirable explanation of Bishop Ken's "Morning and Evening Hymns," which are here printed in *extenso* as originally written by the good Bishop.

Songs of Love, the Chalice of Nature, and Lyra Jesu. By FOLLIOT SANDFORD PIERPOINT. Second Edition. (London: Bell and Daldy.)—The less said of these verses the better. They are very much below mediocrity; not a single piece of those we have looked at deserving a place either in a young lady's album, or in the poet's corner of a country newspaper. When will young people learn the grace of modesty, and consent to believe that the crudities of their brains are not worth the attention of an enlightened public?

Love and War: a Romance of the Eleventh Century. By WILFRED HAL. (London: Gilbert Brothers.)—As this little brochure bears "End of Canto I." at the end instead of "Finis," we are led to believe that this is a kind of feeler or experiment preliminary to the publication of a more extended poem. If this be so, we strenuously advise Wilfred Hal, whoever he may be, to think better of the matter, and stop while he can. His poem, like the majority of so-called poems that are printed, is not absolutely bad. It has story, grammar, a decent amount of rhythm and verse not wholly to be condemned; only one thing it lacks, and that is precisely the indefinite, spiritual, creative element which makes all the difference between true poetry and composition in verse. Wilfred Hal is evidently a person whose education has not been neglected, and who has a brain capable of better things than this: all that we wish, in pure kindness, to impress upon him is—that poetry is not his groove.

Shreds and Patches; or, Pathos and Bathos. By JANE KENNEDY. (Kent and Co.)—Miss Kennedy, already known as the author of several minor novels and tales, has published this little volume "at the request of a friend," and with a view of inducing authors of great powers "to approximate their fictions to the common realities of every-day life." We must confess that we were under the impression that this approximation had been arrived at long ago, and it was not without curiosity that we opened this volume of Miss Kennedy. What find we there? Surely something particularly original and striking? By no means: nothing but a very commonplace story, in

which, to speak truth, the bathetic element predominates over the pathetic, and ending with the marriage of Sir Edward Hamilton to Lady Bertha Fitz-Douglas, and of Lord Fitz-Douglas to Lady Mabella Spencer. If Miss Kennedy is under the mistake that there is anything new in this, we recommend to her a perusal of Richardson and the elder novelists.

Paul Blake; or, the Story of a Boy's Perils in the Islands of Corsica and Monte Christo. By ALFRED ELWES. (Griffith and Farran.)—A well-written tale of adventure in the Mediterranean, composed in a spirit of daring and humour which will make it very welcome to many an English lad. The illustrations from the pencil of Mr. Anelay are highly characteristic, and add to the many recommendations of the volume as an agreeable Christmas present for boys.

Curiosities of Science, Past and Present. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. (Kent and Co.)—As the author very properly states in his title page, this is truly "a book for old and young;" for there are few so old that they may not find instruction in its pages, and yet the youngest reader, who can read and think at all, may easily understand it. This is, in fact, a continuation of that admirable series which industrious and intelligent Mr. Timbs has published under the title of "Things not Generally Known." The great popularity of his former efforts absolves us from the necessity of stating more than our general approbation of the manner in which Mr. Timbs has fulfilled his task. If he continue the series, the works of this active and excellent editor will soon be to general science what the "Percy Anecdotes" are to Wit and Eccentricity.

The Fool's Pence and other Facts.—By CHARLES B. TAYLER (Sampson, Low, and Co.)—A collection of tales written with a good motive, and in a stronger style than most of the very good writers are gifted with. Truth, temperance, and the fear of God are among the lessons inculcated here, and that in a manner which is likely to seize a powerful hold upon the imaginations of the class for which they are intended. The story of "The Fool's Pence," as may be readily guessed, points out that the money spent in drink is really the fool's pence. A workman of good intentions, but bad habits, overhears the comfortable mistress of a gaudy gin-shop attribute her prosperity to "the fool's pence," and straightway resolves from that time forward to pay no more such taxes to his folly.

Varium. (L. Booth.) This volume is apparently a first attempt, and for a first attempt not an irredeemably bad one, so far as mere style goes, however sickly and untrue as to sentiment. We are inclined to believe that the author has been crossed in love; for Alan, the hero of the tale, arrives at the uncomfortable conclusion that to see a man and woman in love is a most disgusting sight, and scorns the "idea of a man, the higher being, waiving his pretensions, stooping from his masculine height, laying at the feet of weakness that manly panoply of strength," et-cetera. Surely these be the ravings of some gawky youth who has been unfortunate in his adventures with the sex, and is inclined to take refuge in the pride of his biceps!

The Young Midgy. By F. C. ARMSTRONG. (E. Marlborough and Co.)—Mr. Armstrong has already a reputation among boys for stirring tales of sea life. This is one of them, and it is as full of "moving accidents by flood," of mutinies, battles, storms, pirates, enemies, and privateers, as the greediest of adventure could desire. There are some very nicely executed illustrations, and the volume is altogether very fit for a Christmas present.

A Visit to the New Forest. By HARRIET MYRTLE. (Sampson Low, Son, and Co.)—Another very pleasant Christmas gift for young children. A party of London youngsters are invited to exchange the atmosphere of Bedford-square for the fresh air and green glades of the New Forest. Of course they enjoy themselves very much, and get into mischief very often. Their sports and games are detailed with much spirit, and the interest is undaggingly preserved to the end. There are twenty-five engravings, from drawings by William Harvey, George Thomas, Birket Foster, and Harrison Weir.

The Mill in the Valley: a Tale of German Life. By the Author of "Moravian Life in the Black Forest." (Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.)—The difficulty of persuading a young lady to try her "prentice han" at the pen is only exceeded by that of dissuading her from making a second attempt too hastily. We do not mean to hint that this little tale at all discredits the talents of its authoress; but it would be flattery to say that it sustains the promise of her first attempt. "Moravian Life in the Black Forest" derived its brightest charm from its simple reality, its evident truthfulness to nature. It was a photograph of a very charming scene, and as such we welcomed it. What we have before us is a little tale, pleasantly told, but not very strong in its conception. The heroine is a very good girl named Greta, who has lost her mother and is deserted by her father, who is unjustly supposed to have murdered his wife. Although she has had a superior education at Rosenheim, the rude but well-meaning relatives who have taken charge of her put her to tending cows. Brighter days are, however, for Greta; and, after some adventures and a sort of partnership with an eccentric Englishman of gentle blood, who has turned *colporteur*, and travels about in

a van selling Bibles, Greta makes a good end of it by marrying a curate. Such is the tale; and, although we could have wished that the young lady who wrote "Moravian Life in the Black Forest" had waited until both style and judgment were more matured before making a second attempt, we anticipate that her little volume will be kindly, even favourably, received.

A Treatise on Hysterical Affections. By GEORGE TATE. Third Edition, revised. (J. Churchill.)—The fact of a third edition of this very admirable little manual upon the mysterious disorder hysteria being required is perhaps the best recognition of its merits. It may be read with profit not only by members of the medical profession, but by every woman, especially those who are engaged in the training up of girls.

The Antiseptic Treatment. By Dr. W. WASHINGTON EVANS. (H. Baillière.)—Dr. Evans is manifestly an adherent to the Mosaic law, and strenuously denounces the use of pork, rabbits, shell-fish, and the like, as detrimental alike to the physical and the moral virtues. The great remedy for everything lies in "the antiseptic treatment," of which the basis is a material called "Acacia Charcoal."

Nutrition in Health and Disease. By JAMES HENRY BENNET, M.D. (John Churchill.)—A most valuable and interesting treatise upon matters affecting all, and which all will find a benefit in reading, whether engaged in the medical profession or not. Dr. Bennet has certainly the art of making those truths which his science has taught him intelligible to everybody. The object of the work is to demonstrate the importance of keeping the digestive and nutritive functions in proper order, and thus avoiding those diseases, oftentimes but too fatal, which sooner or later must follow the neglect of them. The rationale of digestion, its mode of operation, how it may become deranged, and how the machine may be righted again,—all these topics will be found very fully and clearly handled in this volume. The value of cleanliness, diet, and exercise are also strongly insisted on. Eating and drinking too much are spoken of as among the most prolific sources of nutritive disarrangement, though it will not please the total abstinents to hear that Dr. Bennet's opinion is in favour of a moderate use of stimulants. "Alcoholic stimulants," he says, "in the shape of beer, wine, spirits, &c., may be ingested in moderation with positive advantage."

Noble Deeds of Women; or, Examples of Female Courage and Virtue. By ELIZABETH STARLING. (H. G. Bohn.) This is the fifth edition of Mrs. Starling's collection of anecdotes in favour of her sex since its original publication in 1848, a fact sufficiently indicative of its great popularity. Were we to review this work *de novo*, we might possibly have to object against it that it has somewhat too much of the scrap-book quality, and that some of the characters and anecdotes are not invariably selected with judgment; yet it is undoubtedly a very readable collection of anecdotes, and would be sufficient to convince the most obstinate misogynist—if such a monster be in existence,—that courage, love, benevolence, and piety, are virtues very plentifully bestowed upon that sex which every true man must love, and none can do more than affect to despise. The present edition has been judiciously ornamented by Mr. Bohn by the insertion of some very good steel plates.

We have also received *Montalembert on Constitutional Liberty* (Effingham Wilson) a translation of the Count de Montalembert's famous article in *Le Correspondant*.—*A Brief Reply to Mr. Commissioner Phillips's "Vacation Thoughts on Capital Punishment."* By the Rev. J. W. WATKIN. (W. Skeffington.) In which the reverend gentleman states that he is "firmly persuaded from long study of the Bible that it is the imperative duty of Queen Victoria to hang murderers;" and that it is a question, as it appears to him, "more appropriate for divines than lawyers."—*Recollections of an Ex-Maniac and other Tales.* By Alexander Ross. (J. Stone.) A collection of tales written in a style which may pass for a very bad imitation of Edgar Poe.—*On Division among Churches, a Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby.* By Medicus Cantabrigiensis. (J. Ridgway.) The half of a sensible letter, pointing at the evils of division. But where is the other half—that suggesting a remedy?—*Tales from Blackwood* (No. 9), containing "The Headsman," from *Maga* for February 1830, and Mr. Galt's story of "The Wearyful Woman," from the number for May 1821.—*The British Almanac for 1859.* (Knight and Co.) As full of useful matter for reference as the almanacs issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge usually are.—*The Temple Almanac for 1859.* (Hooper and Son.) A compilation which combines fiction and gardening with the law, and seems to be designed for a grocer's trade advertisement.—*Letts's Diary for 1859* (No. 10). The most convenient form possible of that work of which every man should become the author, a record of his own life.—*Life Assurance, its Aspects and its Claims.* A lecture delivered by Mrs. Sexton, and written by George Sexton, M.A., &c.—*The Ladies' Companion.*—*Amateur's Magazine.*—*Englishman's Journal.*—*Unitarian Pulpit*, No. XX.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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Annual Gift Book 1859, folio, 21s. cl.
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The report of the secretary of the Free Public Library supported by the parishes of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, has just been printed, from which it appears that the experience of the last twenty months has shown most satisfactory results in its operations. It is not generally known, even in Westminster, that there is a free library; but in the early part of last year, when the Mechanics' Institute in Great Smith-street was dissolved, its effects were disposed of upon the express understanding that a free library should be established under Mr. Ewart's Act. In accordance with the requirements of that Act, commissioners were thereupon appointed by the vestries of St. Margaret and St. John, and the rooms were reopened as a free library and reading room. The library consists of 3800 volumes, many of which were given by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, the chairman of the commissioners, Sir W. Page Wood, and other gentlemen; and the reading room is supplied with all the daily morning and evening papers, and several of the weekly papers. The report states that in the aggregate the whole of the books have been circulated twelve times during the last twelve months, and without being damaged beyond fair wear and tear. The daily attendance of visitors to the reading room averages 141, a large proportion of whom belong to the mechanical and labouring class; others are master tradesmen, and some in a better position in society. The most orderly and respectable conduct has always been maintained, and the necessary rule prohibiting conversation is strictly but voluntarily observed. A branch library was opened at No. 3, Trevor-square, Knightsbridge, in June last, and has attracted a progressive increase of borrowers up to the present time. The success which has attended the operations in Westminster shows that a free library may be as advantageously maintained in the metropolis as in Manchester, Salford, and Sheffield, and may serve as encouragement to renewed efforts in the parishes of Marylebone and St. Pancras, though they at first failed.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

THERE has not been much to entertain or instruct us in these parts lately. The event of the week—if a foolish and criminal rencontre with swords can attain to the dignity of an event—has been the duel between M. de Villemessant, editor in chief of *Figaro*, on the one part, and M. Naquet on the other; M. Lucas, the editor subordinate of *Figaro*, on the one part, and M. Plunkett, director of the theatre of the Palais Royal, on the other. The quadrille ended in all four being wounded, but not dangerously. They could, the four of them, have been easily spared. The cold weather drives loungers into the public galleries. In the long gallery of the Louvre five Spanish canvases have been recently hung, which attract considerable attention. One is by Zurbaran, representing the funeral of a bishop; a second, by the same artist, represents St. Pierre Nolasque with St. Raymond. Both display great artistic qualities. The drawing is good and the colouring brilliant. A third, by Herreia, "St. Basil preaching," does not make great impression on the spectator. Its merits may be appreciable by the artist. A fourth, "The Nativity of the Virgin," by Murillo, shows the pencil of that master; but to our notion, and at the risk of being considered heretical, it is a confused composition. "The Miracle of St. Diego," by the same master, is more pleasing, but the legend is indifferently set forth. A picture, we hold, should tell its own tale; and we should not be beholden to guide books and catalogues for our knowledge of the subject. The Emperor has purchased, for 4500 francs, a picture by Ary Scheffer, representing the death of Gericault. So far as we can learn, it has not yet been exposed. Nothing of any note having appeared in French literature, we turn to Germany, to make the acquaintance of some of the minor minstrels of that country.

Minor minstrels abound in these days, both at home and abroad. By minor minstrels we understand the number of tolerably-educated persons who, with a certain facility of verse-making, elect themselves into the grand college of poets, and who call upon us to admire their song, unconscious that they often sing out of time and tune, or grate like a hurdy-gurdy or skirl like the chanter of a bagpipe. They are a wonderfully complacent race, these minstrels, and regard their vagaries as inspiration and their platitudes as philosophy in verse. Without further preface, we shall call over the names of a few in Germany who, in the course of last spring and summer, have imagined that they have been swelling the melodies of the groves with their small reeds and whistles. And first the *Gedichte* von Dr. Georg Em. Haas. He had no need to forwarn us that his poems are "mixed poems." Indeed they are nearly as macaronic in style and sentiment as the language of his epitaph on the German Michael is macaronic: "Hic jacet Michel, genannt Germanicus—Fuit vir valde poeticus. Deposuit vestes ante somnum hic politicus. Betet ein Paternoster zu seiner Seelen Heil. Elegit, credo, moribundus den bessern Theil." &c. In one of his flights he visits the Emperor Barbarossa, and exhorts him to take vengeance on the enemies of Germany:

Bon jour, sprach d'rauf der Kaiser, Ich gehe nicht aus,
Ein arger Schnupfen hält mich so wie familie zu Haus.

In "Sylvester" we are told, as a novelty, no doubt, that St. Sylvester falls on the last day of the year. In his "Hausarzt" he contrives that "balsamic breeze" shall jingle to "grey-haired shabby fellow."

—so balsamisch Luft,
—grauhaarigen Schuft.

But the Doctor means, probably, to be witty. If Barbarossa is made to bastardise his German, why should not the poet's mistress be made to sing with her German, "J'aimerai mieux, Mr. Georget—Je l'avoue, un bon Cachmir"? and the poet himself sing from his grave to the gravedigger, "Monsieur, ce n'était pas bon"? The "Wish" is his safest production, bating the inuendo with which it concludes, because it has the merit of being thoroughly hackneyed. "I wish I were a ring of gold, on her finger fair to shine; I wish I were a rosy wreath, around her brow to twine. A ribbon round her neck I'd be, a bodice for her breast; a streamlet clear her limbs to lave; and, to fan her cheek, the West. I'd be a sweet dream her slumbers to charm, and

to steal from earth an enchanter." And the *Wunsch* concludes: "Ich möchte sein ihr Brautigam, das Alles zu umfassen: Kranz, Bächlein, Mieder, Band und Ring, den Traum sich einiger Massen."

Another minstrel, Emil Kuh, who publishes at Brunswick his *Gedichte*, treats us to certain nonsense. In his first piece, "Spring Feelings," the poet calls upon the swallow not to fly to him, otherwise she would come to his "nest;" and he desires the flowers to leave him alone, "Ye are so guiltless, good, and pure;" he will stand far off from them, and yet have them "full in his eye." He assures us that he feels, as it were, a bird fluttering in his heart, and at the same time "as if a tree were rooting itself into the soil of his soul. Hence it beats when a bird settles upon it, and causes him to weep for pain when a leaf quivers." Here is sentiment for you, good reader. To this flurry of soul we must debit the flurry of Kuh's verses. Friedrich Hebbel, to whom his book is dedicated, is lauded as the greatest poet of the century, and inferior only to Shakspeare which must be news to most of us:

Und nur der Mann in Stratford's schoons
Steht über dir als Dichter.

Poor Kuh (cow, *Anglicè*) lows and licks his friend Hebbel, and tells him that "he has created a new kingdom and a new faith in his soul; that he has destroyed what was musty and foul in his being, and given him strength and health." His verses do not incline us to believe, however, that this kingdom has yet properly come. It is clear that Kuh esteems himself as a poet; and as Hebbel formed Kuh, and Hebbel is inferior to Shakspeare only, how great a poet Kuh must be!

Next we present Hermann von Scharff-Scharffenstein with his *Gedichte eines Royalisten*. In this little book are sung a number of princely and noble persons, dead and alive, and hence the proof that the author is a good royalist, but not that he is a good poet. He is pretty Catholic in his subjects. He sings not only German princes and princesses, but also Charles X. of France, and "Henry V., the Count of Chambord, &c. He has this opinion of his performances: "His skilful word will first be understood, when the art of poetry of every volume shall be understood which now surrounds his own," which is very probable. Indeed, our Royalist is very unintelligible. As a modern cavalier, in "the Maze of Love" he confesses: "True love hath never held me bound;" and "I love! now hear it all, and fear and tremble, I that of earthly poison have so largely partaken!" The Royalist is not responsible, then, for love; but he is so for scores of sorry verses, and we must take leave to add that he is a very dull companion on this wet evening. We leave him to pass on to an Israelite, Emil Neubürger, who tells us how he came to make verses, in the "Woos of a Poet." A crowd of naughty Christian boys persecuted the Jewish lad, and cast stones at him:

Und es wirbelten Steine
Um mich herum und schwer traf mir bald Eines das Haupt.

A stone struck him hard on the head, and the lad ran with his wound into a wood, and washed the blood from his face, "and he raised his trembling little arm praying to heaven," and told his grief: he never had any rude quarrel, and yet the blackguards of the Gojim had dealt so shamefully by him:

Höre mich, liebender Gott,
Nimmer quält Ich, Du weisst es, ein Thier, einen Vogel, noch Käfer,
Sich, wie die Christen mir nun, schau doch, die Argen, gethan.

He then prayed the good God to make a Samson of him, that he might be avenged on the children of the Philistines, and fell asleep. And, as good John Bunyan in his troubles, as he slept he dreamed a dream. He had a vision of the Muse, who touched his head, and made him not a Sampson, but a poet. The hole which the wicked Christian boys had made in his head had this good fortune, that the young man became what the Germans call "an open head." He made verses, but informs us, in rather faulty lines to be sure, that his parents had no pleasure in them. Little as the father and mother, now "weak and old," thought of his verses, he resolved to publish them, hoping that the fame he would receive would do them a pleasure; and he very modestly prays us: "Let one ray of fame

fall on me, well with a fair laurel crown me. I think me worthy of the branchlet, if but to show it to my parents." The reading world, we fear, will prove ungrateful towards the poet. If he cannot point to his laurels, he has at least acted the part of a good son, and has spared the feelings of his parents on a tender point. The open-headed Israelite opened his heart to a Christian maiden. She was all that was fair and good. She was his "Beatrice." But could a child of Israel give the irrevocable word to a daughter of the Gojim? She sees him with "the tear in his eye"—*sieht ihm Thränen an im Aug*—and asks him why at once he has become so cold? He declares that he loves her now as warmly as ever, but that he had committed a great "indiscretion" in making her acquaintance, as from existing relations between Jews and Christians marriage could not be thought of. He sings, in indifferent metre and rhyme: "If I became your husband, and were to overleap the gulf of faith, I should bring the grey hairs of my father untimely to his grave. The old man would give me his curse, away from me would turn my mother; loved I thee, away would all turn, my sisters and my brother." But we must keep to prose. He continues: "But thou, O forget thou me, and become the bride of another." He gave now the poor maiden her "oath and troth" back, leaves her sitting, "wanders starless through life's waste," but is conscious of having performed an act of filial duty. The Jew lad, it appears, has not hitherto gained by his literary speculation. The silver crown is as hard to earn as the laurel crown. The wares proffered, on his part, in the market of the Muse, are really not worth purchasing. The Muse nevertheless demands his gratitude, seeing that she mended his wound in the wood and left him open-headed.

Charles Siebel we do not rank with the minor minstrels. His *Tannhäuser* has reached a second edition, and this fact would prove that he has been appreciated. *Tannhäuser* is a poet, and no doubt a philosopher who has an *Ich*:

Zerrissen ist mein tiefes Ich,
Nicht Eins mit Gott, nicht Eins mit sich.

Not at one with God, not at one with oneself, is surely a lamentable condition for man to fall into. We can understand him then when he declares:

Der grösste Fluch ist der allein,
Nicht Gott! nicht Thier!—ein Mann zu sein.

Tannhäuser is a knight and a minnesinger. Drawn towards Venusberg, he encounters a spirit, who holds a warning sword towards him and threatens him with hell and damnation, pointing to an image of the Virgin from whose cheeks the storms had washed away all colour. He would see the goddess who never is old, the goddess of beauty and love. The sword divides the mountain, "wie ein Nebelstrich," and *Tannhäuser* enters the cleft, from which issue the odours of flowers to greet him. The divinity "in flesh and blood" appears in the fullness of her beauty, divested of the garments of sin, and *Tannhäuser* sinks upon her white breast. The poet of the Rhine would appear to carry about with him German tinder always. A spark fires him. She, the goddess, makes one condition: he shall interpret every dream:

Vollendung gibt dir Luft und Kraft,
Und die Vollendung heisst: Genuss.

The pleasures of Venusberg last seven years. The goddess remains ever the same, but the man betrays the infirmity of man; he weeps, has the home-sickness, he pines; "like a departed joy he regards the Mary-image;" names the goddess "schöne Teufelin" (fair devils), and sends her to the devil. In possession there is no peace, he will seek it in denial; of the caresses of the "vernichtend schönen Fey" (the pretty annihilating Fay) he has enough: "Du küsst mich tod, du Teufelinne" (You may kiss me dead, you devil she—). He breaks loose, goes on, hears the church bells of a Christmas eve, and makes a pilgrimage to Rome, to visit Pope Urban, who has the power to bind and loose. He casts himself into the midst of a pious procession on foot, "er möchte Frieden sich erbüssen." The Pope rejects him: "he cannot by the first that comes to holy festival be bothered." But when he heard of the charming sins and wonders of Venusberg,

Pope Urban listened, and "his eyes with lustings glowed;" but nevertheless he "verkündet ihm des ewigen Todes Fluch,"—he announced the sentence of eternal damnation. He is bound and fettered, and—

The wand dried up it never blooms. Within the temple are two wands, and one is dry, for sense it stands; it is the man that we condemn, as useless, to eternal flame. Until this wand shall sprout anew, this sentence I shall never rue. Yet wand dried up it never blooms.

The pious people collect many dry and withered sticks and wands, in order that "dry stick may with dry sticks burn, against whom Christ hath judgment spoken." Tannhäuser is bound to a stake and burnt alive. "Yet in the Church within this Rome, again the dry wands sprout and bloom." The moral is, "That man will ever here below seek emptiness and idle show; yet know I when he upward strives, to's end unconscious he arrives. Without struggle, life's a bubble."

AN OLD SPANISH TRAGEDY.

The Great Semiramis: a Tragedy, by Captain Cristoval de Virues, written A.D. 1579. (La Gran Semiramis, &c.) London: Williams and Norgate.

The progress of military science has rendered it difficult for a soldier to be a scholar. War is now a profession of itself, requiring the study and labour of a life, and, even if it afforded the time, leaving little of the taste for literary pursuits. It has not always been so. There was a time when the practice of arms had neither been digested into a science nor stiffened into a routine, and when the professional officer was as exceptional as the professional M.P. These were the days of erudite captains and poetic colonels—men who took up the sword on an emergency, and in time of peace returned to civil life, the court, and the academy. Half the English officers of Elizabeth's time were of this description—scholarly and cultivated young men, willing enough to gratify their taste for adventure by a campaign or two in Ireland or the Low Countries, but who would have been disgusted at the idea of passing the piping time of peace in a barrack or a garrison. In idle Spain, with her then enormous army, the demand for and supply of these amateur officers must have been very considerable. We find accordingly that all Calderon's young sparks, so ready with the rapier, are spoken of as to a certain extent military men. The most eminent of Spanish lyric poets was killed at a siege. Cervantes, novelist and dramatist, went to Lepanto and lost a hand there out of pure gaiety of heart. At Lepanto, too, fought Cristoval de Virues, author of the piece before us—a man described by Lope de Vega in the same line as "the captain" and "a famous wit."

Out of Spain, the reputation of this *claro ingenio* has been principally preserved by the honourable mention made of him in that celebrated chapter of Don Quixote which recounts the cremation of the knight errant's library. After the sacrifice of scores of Felixmartes and Esplandians, the Cura interferences most energetically in behalf of the poems of Virues, Ercilla, and Rufo, declaring them to be excellent in themselves, and the only works of the kind that Spain can oppose to Italy. Later criticism has ratified this judgment so far as concerns Virues, and many handsome things have been said of his "Monserate," one of those strange, wild, fanatical compositions possible nowhere but in old Spain, and occupying a corresponding place in the world of poetry to that which Spagnoletto's emaciated recluses, or Zurbaran's gloomy monks, maintain in the region of painting. His dramatic performances have been less fortunate; indeed, four-fifths of his tragic progeny have been annihilated at one fell swoop by Ticknor, who dismisses everything but the "Dido" with the unceremonious remark, "All four are absurd." We should have expected the editor of the *Semiramis* (anonymous, but evidently a man and a Briton) to have taken some notice of this summary judgment, and broken a lance with the Transatlantic calumniator. One so well read in Spanish literature cannot have been unacquainted with Ticknor; one so enthusiastic and combative cannot have been deterred by any fear of encountering a writer of reputation. Probably he thought both judge and sentence below contempt; at all events, he ignores both, and proceeds to substitute the following widely different articles of belief:—That Virues is the very well-head of the Spanish drama,

Whither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.

That, consequently, the present is the most important recovery of lost literary treasure ever made, and its editor eleven times more meritorious than all the Shakspearean commentators put together. That the subject of this play, more especially, is "the most ancient, magnificent, and beautiful theme for a poet in all history, and the most celebrated by the greatest poets of after times." Who these poets may be, unless Calderon is to count for half a dozen, remains involved in profound mystery. Lastly, it is at all events a good deal better than Grotius his "Adamus Exul." Very probably; but we should be disposed to answer an argument of this sort in the spirit of the editor who suggested to Major Gahagan that, though he had offered to leave an old snuff box at his office, it did not quite follow that he had killed a rhinoceros and scaled eighteen walls without ladders. Briefly, *La Gran Semiramis*, though not without flashes of genius, is, as Ticknor says, in the main a very absurd performance. Neither is Virues the founder of the Spanish drama; for Lope's panegyric only credits him with the invention of that Peninsular peculiarity, the three-act play—and even this erroneously, the honour being really due to Francisco de Avendaño. With all this, his *Semiramis* is a great curiosity, well worth reprinting, and the editor's assiduity deserves our best acknowledgments. And, if we cannot quite repress a smile at his exaggerated admiration for his favourite, we should unwillingly be thought to deny that earnestness and warmth of cordial appreciation are very essential qualities in an editor.

The plot of *La Gran Semiramis* is taken, without alteration, from Diodorus Siculus. The first act passes at Bactra, which Ninus, King of Assyria, is besieging with the aid of his principal general, Menon. Notwithstanding all their efforts, the strength of the city defies them till Semiramis, wife of Menon, who has accompanied her husband to the war in male attire, paints out a weak place in the fortifications. The next attack is made there, and the city is taken. When the King proceeds to thank Menon, to whom he attributes the victory, the latter declares that the merit is solely due to Semiramis, who is brought before the monarch. Ninus immediately becomes enamoured; but, wishing to deal equitably with Menon, proposes that he should yield Semiramis to him, and take his daughter in exchange. Menon replies that he honours the King, but would not comply with his proposition, even though "the elements were to make a chaos of me." In return for which he is apostrophised thus:—

O villano, grosero, mal nacido,
torpe, barbaro, vil, desventurado,
tal respuesta me das?

and banished from the court, Semiramis being taken from him without any compensation at all. He proceeds to give utterance to his feelings in a long, tedious, but very melodious monody, beginning by praying for the death of the tyrant, and ending by, as the next best thing, killing himself. Sixteen years are supposed to elapse before the second act, in which we find Semiramis, who at first seems to take her separation from her husband with wonderful coolness, considering how to avenge his death. She persuades Ninus to bestow the supreme authority on her for five days, and avails herself of it to throw him in prison and put him to death. At the same time she shuts her son Ninyas up in the harem, and, assuming his garb, personates him before the people, telling them that Ninus and Semiramis have been taken up into heaven. In the last act she is murdered by her son, a deed which he endeavours to conceal by a new fiction. Fortunately, however, the discreet Zelabo has seen the whole transaction through the key-hole, and is enabled to acquaint the audience (not the people) with the real state of the case.

It is plain that this is an actual instance of what Dr. Johnson, lifting a presumptuous pen against the perfections of "Cymbeline," was pleased to style "faults too evident for detection and too gross for aggravation." The subject is one which would never have been chosen by any one with the slightest idea of the true end of the drama, as the representation of life and the development of character. For this very reason, however, the piece is interesting as an example of early effort after dramatic effect. Dramatists learning to write, like children learning to draw, find nothing so difficult as the due distri-

bution of light and shade. It is as easy for the one to put verses after a name, and call them a character, as for the other to draw lines inclosing a particular space, and call them a leaf or a stone. The difficulty is to make either figure like what it is supposed to represent, which can only be done by care and delicacy of touch. The child dashes recklessly away with his pencil, the dramatist makes his personage declare himself a lover or a villain point blank, like a caricaturist's figure with a label in his mouth. Thus in *La Gran Semiramis* it never occurs to the author to make Ninus's passion for the heroine a thing of gradual growth and the subject of psychologic analysis; the declaration falls from the clouds, and astonishes the reader almost as much as poor Menon. This childish artlessness is, of course, fully compatible with poetic force, and many passages have a vigour and glow quite worthy of the author of "El Monserate." Perhaps the best portions, in a poetic point of view, are the lyric monologues, which are evidently modelled upon Euripides, and show that Virues aimed at giving the drama a classical direction. Very fortunately, the national feeling was too strong for him. Through the critics and the refined, Spanish epic and lyric poetry were Latinised, Italianised, and ruined; but the first necessity of a dramatic poet is an audience, and the sturdy good sense of the mass of the people forced Lope and his contemporaries into a track which conducted them to the shrine of no worn-out model, but to a fountain of inspiration national, original, and immortal.

Foreign Books Recently Published.

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THE PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Much has been said about covering the pictures in the National Gallery with glass, for the purpose of preserving them from the influences of a London atmosphere. A far more important result will be obtained if, in the process of fixing the glass over those pictures, care is taken to exclude, as much as possible, the air. Thus the great vital agent of the atmosphere, and the great destroyer, oxygen, would be prevented from carrying on, with its ordinary rapidity, its important work of oxydation and decay.—PROFESSOR R. HUNT, in the *Art Journal*.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SOME interesting particulars have been lately made known with reference to the Frazer River, the locality of the newly-discovered gold fields in British Columbia. The mouth of the river is only nine miles north of the 49th parallel of latitude, the boundary between the British and American dominions. A flat belt of low alluvial land forms a delta at the mouth, over which the river flows, thus rendering the navigation difficult. The width at the entrance and for some little distance up is about two miles, but in ascending it narrows to about a mile. There is a great body of water. At Fort Langley, about 35 miles from the mouth, the depth would be sufficient for the largest vessels. At seven miles above Langley soundings were taken, and the result was 10 fathoms, a depth which is found for 80 miles up from the mouth. For the next 20 miles the waters gradually contract until they become about the width of the Thames at Greenwich, the current being very strong. A little beyond, the river expands to a wide lake, the current disappearing, and the surface being clear and placid as the face of a mirror. A few miles further up, the river assumes the appearance of magnificent reaches. At about 25 to 30 miles from Langley the river Smess runs into the Frazer on the south, and five miles beyond the Smess the river Chilwauck adds its waters to the Frazer. Both these rivers are at all times navigable for large canoes, and even for the Hudson's Bay Company's boats of from 30 to 40 tons burden. At 45 miles from Langley, the Harrison, a large river, falls into the Frazer. Further on the river becomes more rapid, and the scenery gets bolder and grander up to Port Hope, about 65 miles from Langley. Ascending still, the river runs between two chains of mountains. These extend downwards to within 20 miles of Langley. They are clothed to their summits with pines, some peaks here and there rising 3000 feet, and showing patches of snow on deep ridges near the top. This double range of mountains is supposed to be the lower spurs of the great Cascade range, intersecting the country from north to south. The river abounds with salmon. The soil upon its banks is fertile, the foliage luxuriant, and an immense mass of trees and shrubs, mingling their foliage, forms a charming scene of variegated hues.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The third ordinary meeting was held on Wednesday. Sir Thomas Phillips in the chair. There was a numerous attendance to hear a paper by Dr. Hyde Clarke on "Copper Smelting." The paper was a highly practical and comprehensive discourse on the manufacture and extent of this important branch of British commerce, illustrated with specimens lent by Dr. Percy, of the Government School of Mines, and Mr. Gilbertson, the managing assistant to the Governor and Company of Copper Miners of England. The lecturer pointed out that copper smelting was of importance in England, not only because we smelt our ore, but because we had also a large business in smelting foreign ores and refining foreign copper. Although English copper mines did not produce very rich ores, they produced such as could be easily smelted, and the advantage of cheap fuel enabled us to undertake the smelting of the rich ores of other countries on better terms than they could themselves. It was further to be noticed that France, Belgium, and Holland were almost destitute of copper mines; so that the English had an opening there for manufactured copper, and could compete in Central Europe with the Russian copper. The author stated it as his opinion however, that with all these advantages it was still to be questioned whether the English copper trade had reached its height or was free from vicissitudes. He thought the practice of smelting by coal in reverberatory furnaces was not the most economical method. Moreover, it was quite possible, looking to the effective establishment of copper smelting in Chili, the United States, and Australia, to the abundant supply of rich copper ores abroad, and the importation of very cheap iron, that copper might be reduced in price, and the working of the Cornish mines be threatened; but, on the other hand, if processes were adopted for the more economical reduction of copper, ores of lower produce could then be brought to market. At present copper smelting was a routine work, followed out as a mechanical practice rather than as a scientific operation; but the description of it was interesting, because it was continually undergoing modifications. The copper smelting trade began in Cornwall, and was thence removed to South Wales, which, until lately remained its sole seat, as it was its chief seat; but Liverpool, having a great import of foreign and colonial copper ores and bar copper, had favoured the establishment of smelting works on the Mersey, and now had a copper market which was yearly growing in importance. The author proceeded to give a detailed account of the various processes employed in the treatment of copper ores. The first process was called sampling, and consisted in separating the various qualities of ore, which were then dried, and, if consisting of sulphurets, were calcined, to get rid of some of the superfluous sulphur. The ore was then placed in the reverberatory furnace, the construction and management of which the author described in considerable detail. The coarse metal produced by the last-mentioned process required further calcining, and for this purpose an arrangement, suggested by Napier, and further improved by Mr. Alfred Trueman, was employed. This calcined coarse metal was then melted, the result being the production of blue or fine metal, and sharp slag. The fine metal was then roasted, frequently twice, and afterwards

placed in the refining furnace, and finally cast into ingots, tiles, or wire bars, according to the demand.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.—The anniversary meeting of the Royal Society was held at Burlington House, on which occasion Lord Wrottesley delivered his annual address, reviewing the progress of science during the past year. The medals were then awarded as follows:—The Copley Medal, to Sir Charles Lyell for his various researches and writings, by which he has contributed to the advance of geology; a Royal Medal to Mr. Albany Hancock for his various researches on the anatomy of the mollusca, and the Second Royal Medal to Mr. William Lassell for his various astronomical discoveries and researches; and the Rumford Medal to Professor Jamin, of Paris, for his various experimental researches on light. The election of new council and officers then took place. Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart., was elected president, and the society and their friends dined together, the new president occupying the chair.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At a monthly general meeting held on Thursday, at the society's house in Hanover-square, Dr. Gray, Vice-President, in the chair, the Hon. Mrs. Boyle and Mr. George Bennett, of Sydney, were elected Fellows, and Professor Sandecki and Dr. Ferdinand Kraus as foreign members of the society; and Mr. Edward Cohen was proposed as a candidate for the Fellowship. The list of donations recorded in the report from the council included a fine jaguar and a deer (*C. campestris*), presented by his Excellency Mr. W. D. Christie, her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires and Consul-General in the Argentine Republic. The number of visitors to the gardens during the current year had amounted to nearly 322,000.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, Dec. 6.—London Institution, 7. Prof. Tyndall, "On Light."
Tuesday, 7.—Civil Engineers, 8. Mr. M. Scott, "Description of a Breakwater at the Port of Blyth."
Pharmaceutical, 8.
Pathological, 8.
Wednesday, 8.—London Institution, 3. Mr. T. R. Jones, "On the Natural History of the Vertebrate Division of the Animal Kingdom."
Society of Arts, 8. Mr. P. A. Halkett, "On Guideway Agriculture."
Thursday, 9.—London Institution, 7. Dr. E. Frankland, "On the Air and Water of Towns."

ART AND ARTISTS.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL OF ART.

An address delivered at the recent opening of this institution by Mr. J. Ruskin has been published. As it is the last word of the popular art-writer, and contains some more distinct statements as to his views on the teaching of practical art, and remarks on other matters on which he always says something either earnestly and expressively true, or beautifully rhetorical, we think some extracts will interest. First, these are his practical views on the teaching of art-workmen:

I suppose the persons interested in establishing a School of Art for workmen may in the main be divided into two classes, namely, first, those who chiefly desire to make the men themselves happier, wiser, and better; and secondly, those who desire to enable them to produce better and more valuable work. These two objects may, of course, be kept both in view at the same time; nevertheless, there is a wide difference in the spirit with which we shall approach our task, according to the motive of these two which weighs most with us—a difference great enough to divide, as I have said, the promoters of any such scheme into two distinct classes; one philanthropic in the gist of its aim, and the other commercial in the gist of its aim; one desiring the workmen to be better informed chiefly for his own sake, and the other chiefly that he may be enabled to produce for us commodities precious in themselves, and which shall successfully compete with those of other countries. And this separation in motives must lead also to a distinction in the machinery of the work. The philanthropists address themselves, not to the artisans merely, but to the labourer in general, desiring in any possible way to refine the habits or increase the happiness of our whole working population, by giving them new recreations or new thoughts; and the principles of art education adopted in a school which has this wide but somewhat indeterminate aim are, or should be, very different from those adopted in a school meant for the special instruction of the artisan in his own business. I do not think this distinction is yet firmly enough fixed in our minds, or calculated upon in our plans of operation. We have hitherto acted, it seems to me, under a vague impression that the arts of drawing and painting might be, up to a certain point, taught in a general way to every one, and would do every one equal good; and that each class of operatives might afterwards bring this general knowledge into use in their own trade, according to its requirements. Now that is not so. A wood-carver needs for his business to learn drawing in quite a different way from a china-painter, and a jeweller from a worker in iron. They must be led to study quite different characters in the natural forms they introduce in their various manufacture. It is of no use to teach an ironworker to observe the down on a peach, and of none to teach laws of atmospheric effect to a carver in wood. So far as their business is concerned, their brains would be vainly occupied by such things, and they would be prevented from pursuing, with enough distinctness or intensity, the qualities of art which can alone be expressed in the materials with which they each have to do. Now, I believe it to be wholly impossible to teach special application of art principles to various trades in a single school. That special application can be only learned rightly by the experience of years in the particular work required. The power of each material, and the difficulties connected with its treatment, are not so much to be taught as to be felt: it is only by repeated touch and continued trial beside the forge or the

furnace, that the goldsmith can find out how to govern his gold, or the glassworker his crystal; and it is only by watching and assisting the actual practice of a master in the business, that the apprentice can learn the efficient secrets of manipulation, or perceive the true limits of the involved conditions of design. It seems to me, therefore, that all ideas of reference to definite businesses should be abandoned in such schools as that just established: we can have neither the materials, the conveniences, nor the empirical skill in the master, necessary to make such teaching useful.

From this he proceeds to insist that "Sight" is what must be first taught.

Not a slight thing to teach, this: perhaps, on the whole, the most important thing to be taught in the whole range of teaching. To be taught to read—what is the use of that, if you know not whether what you read is false or true? To be taught to write or to speak—but what is the use of speaking, if you have nothing to say? To be taught to think—nothing to think of? But to be taught to see is to gain word and thought at once, and both true. There is a vague acknowledgment of this in the way people are continually expressing their longing for light, until all the common language of our prayers and hymns has sunk into little more than one monotonous metaphor, dimly twisted into alternate languages—asking first in Latin to be illuminated; and then in English to be enlightened; and then in Latin again to be delivered out of obscurity; and then in English to be delivered out of darkness; and then for beams, and rays, and suns, and stars, and lamps, until sometimes one wishes that, at least for religious purposes, there were no such words as light or darkness in existence. Still, the main instinct which makes people endure this perpetuity of repetition is a true one; only the main thing they want and ought to ask for is, not light, but sight. It doesn't matter how much light you have, if you don't know how to use it. It may very possibly put out your eyes, instead of helping them. Besides, we want, in this world of ours, very often to be able to see in the dark—that's the great gift of all;—but at any rate to see; no matter by what light, so only we can see things as they are. On my word, we should soon make it a different world, if we could get, but a little—ever so little—of the dervish's ointment in the Arabian Nights, not to show us the treasures of the earth, but the facts of it.

Slovenly work is, of course, reprobated; and then he treats of the commercial question how to get art workmanship which shall compete with the art workmanship of foreign countries.

Many of us, perhaps, are under the impression that plenty of schooling will do this; that plenty of lecturing will do it; that sending abroad for patterns will do it; or that patience, time, and money, and good-will may do it. And, alas, none of these things, nor all of them put together, will do it. If you want really good work, such as will be acknowledged by all the world, there is but one way of getting it, and that is a difficult one. You may offer any premium you choose for it—but you will find it can't be done for premiums. You may send for patterns to the antipodes—but you will find it can't be done upon patterns. You may lecture on the principles of art to every school in the kingdom—and you will find it can't be done upon principles. You may wait patiently for the progress of the age—and you will find your art is unprogressive. Or you may set yourselves impatiently to urge it by the inventions of the age—and you will find your chariot of art entirely immovable either by screw or paddle. There's no way of getting good art, I repeat, but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely, to enjoy it. Examine the history of nations, and you will find this great fact clear and unmistakable on the front of it—that good art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it, as if it were bread; basked in it, as if it were sunshine; shouted at the sight of it; danced with the delight of it; quarrelled for it; fought for it; starved for it; died, in fact, precisely the opposite to what it was that we do with it—they made it to keep, and we to sell.

Enlarging on the want of pleasure shown by our ladies in the patterns of silk for their beauty alone, though pleased to be well dressed themselves, or even seeing well-dressed people, he goes on to declare: "Be that pleasure great or small, it is quite a different thing from delight in the beauty and play of the silken folds and colours themselves, for their own gorgeousness or grace." He instances as proof of this dullness the conduct of English tourists in passing the finely-dressed figures in the "Queen of Sheba" of P. Veronese, at Turin, which he describes, and from which he was copying "a piece of white brocade, with designs upon it in gold."

The English travellers used to walk through the room in considerable numbers; and were invariably directed to the picture by their *loupis de piece*, if they missed seeing it themselves. And to this painting—in which it took me six weeks to examine rightly two figures—I found that on an average the English traveller who was doing Italy conscientiously, and seeing everything that he ought, gave about half or three-quarters of a minute; but the flying or fashionable traveller, who came to do as much as he could in a given time, never gave more than a single glance, most of such people turning aside instantly to a bad landscape hung on the right, containing a vigorously-painted white wall, and an opaque green moat. What especially impressed me, however, was that none of the ladies ever stopped to look at the dresses in the Veronese. Certainly, they were far more beautiful than any in the shops in the great square, yet no one ever noticed them. Sometimes when any nice, sharp-looking, bright-eyed girl came into the room, I used to watch her all the way, thinking—"Come, at least you'll see what the Queen of Sheba has got on." But no—on she would come carelessly, with a little toss of the head, apparently signifying "nothing in this room worth looking at—except myself," and so trip through the door, and away. The fact is, we don't care for pictures: in very deed we don't. The Academy exhibition is a thing to talk of and to amuse vacant hours; those who are rich amongst us buy a painting or two, for mixed reasons, sometimes to fill the

corner of a passage—sometimes to help the drawing-room talk before dinner—sometimes because the painter is fashionably—occasionally because he is poor—not unfrequently that we may have a collection of specimens of painting, as we have specimens of minerals or butterflies—and in the best and rarest case of all, because we have really, as we call it, taken a fancy to the picture; meaning the same sort of fancy which one would take to a pretty arm-chair or a newly-shaped decanter. But as for real love of the picture, and joy of it when we have got it, I do not believe it is felt by one in a thousand.

Severe lecturing this for our upper ten thousand; but all too true. Then we are to cherish and treasure our art. "We must love it first, and restrain our love for it afterwards."

For, while most distinctly you may perceive in past history that art has never been produced, except by nations who took pleasure in it, just as assuredly, and even more plainly, you may perceive that art has always destroyed the power and life of those who pursued it for pleasure only. Surely this fact must have struck you as you glanced at the career of the great nations of the earth; surely it must have occurred to you as a point for serious questioning, how far, even in our own days, we were wise in promoting the advancement of pleasures which appeared as yet only to have corrupted the souls and numbed the strength of those who attained to them. I have been complaining of England that she despises the arts; but I might, with still more appearance of justice, complain that she does not rather dread them than despise. For what has been the source of the ruin of nations since the world began? Has it been plague, or famine, earthquake-shock or volcano-flame? None of these ever prevailed against a great people, so as to make their name pass from the earth. In every period and place of national decline, you will find other causes than these at work to bring it about, namely, luxury, effeminacy, love of pleasure, fineness in art, ingenuity in enjoyment. What is the main lesson which, as far as we seek any in our classical reading, we gather for our youth from ancient history? Surely this—that simplicity of life, of language, and of manners, gives strength to a nation; and that luxuriousness of life, subtlety of language, and smoothness of manners bring weakness and destruction on a nation. While men possess little and desire less, they remain brave and noble; while they are scornful of all the arts of luxury, and are in the slight of other nations as barbarians, their swords are irresistible and their sway illimitable; but let them become sensitive to the refinements of taste, and quick in the capacities of pleasure, and that instant the fingers that had grasped the iron rod fall from the golden sceptre. You cannot charge me with any exaggeration in this matter; it is impossible to state the truth too strongly, or as too universal. For ever you will see the rude and simple nation at once more virtuous and more victorious than one practised in the arts. Watch how the Lydian is overthrown by the Persian; the Persian by the Athenian; the Athenian by the Spartan; then the whole of polished Greece by the rougher Roman; the Roman, in his turn refined, only to be crushed by the Goth; and at the turning point of the middle ages, the liberty of Europe first asserted, the virtues of Christianity best practised, and its doctrines best attested, by a handful of mountain shepherds, without art, without literature, almost without a language, yet remaining unconquered in the midst of the Teutonic chivalry, and uncorrupted amidst the hierarchies of Rome.

Then he finds the Swiss without poetry, art, or music, and incapable of producing either one or the other under any circumstances of education. Straightway he flies to Italy, and in the decayed palace of a Cardinal, where Albani had painted flocks of cupids, finds a proof that the Italians have sacrificed all the robust qualities of nations to the following of art for the sake of pleasure.

This then is the great enigma of art history: you must not follow art without pleasure, nor must you follow it for the sake of pleasure. And the solution of that enigma is simply this fact: that wherever art has been followed only for the sake of luxury or delight, it has contributed, and largely contributed, to bring about the destruction of the nation practising it; but wherever art has been used *also* to teach any truth, or supposed truth—religious, moral, or natural—there it has elevated the nation practising it, and itself with the nation. Thus the art of Greece rose, and did service to the people, so long as it was to them the earnest interpreter of a religion they believed in; the arts of northern sculpture and architecture rose, as interpreters of Christian legend and doctrine: the art of painting in Italy, not only as religious, but also mainly as expressive of truths of moral philosophy, and powerful in pure human portraiture. The only great painters in our schools of painting in England have either been of portrait—Reynolds and Gainsborough; or of the philosophy of social life—Hogarth; or of the facts of nature in landscape—Wilson and Turner. In all these cases, if I had time, I could show you that the success of the painter depended on his desire to convey a truth, rather than to produce a merely beautiful picture—that is to say, to get a likeness of a man, or of a place; to get some moral principle rightly stated, or some historical character rightly described, rather than merely to give pleasure to the eyes. Compare the feeling with which a Moorish architect decorated an arch of the Alhambra, with that of Hogarth painting the "Marriage à la Mode," or of Wilkie painting the "Chelsea Pensioners," and you will at once feel the difference between art pursued for pleasure only, and for the sake of some useful principle or impression. But what you might not so easily discern is, that even when painting does appear to have been pursued for pleasure only, if ever you find it rise to any noble level, you will also find that a stern search after truth has been at the root of its nobleness. You may fancy, perhaps, that Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret were painters for the sake of pleasure only; but in reality they were the only painters who ever sought entirely to master, and who did entirely master, the truths of light and shade as associated with colour, in the noblest of all physical created things, the human form. They were the only men who ever painted the human body; all other painters of the great schools are mere anatomical draughtsmen compared to them; rather makers of maps of the body, than painters of it. The Venetians alone, by a toll almost superhuman, succeeded at last in obtaining a power almost superhuman; and were able finally to paint the highest visible work of God with unexaggerated structure, undegraded colour, and unaffected gesture. It seems little to say this; but I assure you it is much to have done this—so much, that no other

men but the Venetians ever did it: none of them ever painted the human body without in some degree caricaturing the anatomy, forcing the action, or degrading the hue.

He then makes an eloquent appeal to the pupils and teachers for earnest work, and throwing aside of amateur dilettantism. In the body of all this practical exhortation are some of the most poetical descriptions of Swiss and Italian landscape ever penned by him.

In attempting to excuse his own notorious want of consistency, Mr. Ruskin fell into a capital blunder. Being in Cambridge, he appears to have thought it necessary to garnish his lecture with a few mathematical illustrations, and consequently he told his audience that he "never met with a question yet, of any importance, which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree."

Now we need scarcely inform our mathematical readers that an equation of the second degree has two roots, which may be both positive or both negative, or both imaginary, or one positive and one negative. Mr. Ruskin's sentence implies that every equation of the second degree has one of its roots necessarily positive, and the other negative. This proves the danger of a man, even gifted with such powers as Mr. Ruskin, when he attempts to wander from his proper sphere, and dabble with a subject which he at best imperfectly understands. If we are for a moment to adopt Mr. Ruskin's simile, and take an equation for the best illustrations of his ideas, it must be one of which both the roots are imaginary.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

THE crisis of the question of the National Gallery has arrived. The problem that has been dallied with for the last fifteen years must be solved before Christmas, finally and decisively. Shall the National Gallery be massed in one integral collection in Trafalgar-square, shall it be broken up and separated in odd corners of London, or shall it be removed wholly or in part to the swamp at Kensington Gore? This is the difficulty which the Government have to deal with, and that they may overcome it it is desirable that they should have the immediate assistance of public opinion. This public opinion will not be slowly or feebly pronounced. The question is generally well understood, the facts known, and the only solution that can be accepted as satisfactory has been long since and often insisted upon by the press and the House of Commons. No two persons, either in London or the country, can be found to differ upon it. That the national collection of pictures should be in one building, and that building in Trafalgar-square, is the opinion of the Parliament, of the press, of the metropolitan public, and of the country at large. A powerful and selfish corporation possesses the building, and nothing that has yet been done has tended in the least towards their expulsion.

Circumstances, however, give a most favourable opportunity of settling the matter now, in the way that is alone consistent with the feeling of the public. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, having formed his establishment, and intending to enter into the possession of his town residence when he becomes of age in November next, has required of the Commission of Works and Public Buildings the possession of Marlborough House, now filled with the British pictures of the National Gallery. It consequently becomes the duty of Lord J. Manners, as Chief Commissioner, to provide a building for the national pictures. The veto of the House of Commons and the report of the "Site Commission" forbid him from erecting a gallery at Kensington. No suitable building is available—there is no old palace or royal house where the collection can be stowed away. The Royal Academy continue in immovable possession of the gallery in Trafalgar-square, and until the meeting of Parliament it is hopeless to expect that any decided means can be used to enforce their vacation of it. When the Parliament does meet, the provision of another building for the use of the Academy will be considered as part of the question of the relinquishment of the present one. But the limited time in which the impending change must take place makes it urgent upon the Chief Commissioner to provide for it immediately, and before Parliament can be consulted. He has not power to remove the Royal Academy without its consent; nor is there any suitable place into which they could enter. In this exigency, which has too long been foreseen, but never provided for, it is rumoured that Lord J. Manners contemplates the use of the only public building at present actually void. It is said that it is seriously intended to make the old Riding School-house of George IV., in Carlton-ride, serve the purposes of a gallery for the exhibition of the pictures. It has been condemned as unsafe as the repository of public records, principally because it was not fire-proof, and the records have been removed to the new building in Fetter-lane. It is now empty, and the stress of circumstances, it is said, has led Lord J. Manners to look upon it as a possible resting place for the gifts of Vernon and Turner. Can this be suffered? Can the nation allow these paintings, the free gifts of Vernon, Beaumont, Carr, Olney, and others, and of Turner, our greatest painter, to be placed in an old riding school and royal stables? These pictures not only cost the nation nothing, nor has any money been spent in providing a building, but 20,000*l.* left by

Turner for the express purpose of building a gallery was pocketed by the Royal Academy, who now stand in the way of their safe and suitable exhibition in the building which was originally built for the purpose. We do not believe the public, who have appreciated these munificent gifts more than any government or minister, will permit it. Lord J. Manners will seriously compromise the character of the Government if he acts in this matter without consulting his colleagues, or without full consideration of the national disgrace that will be incurred by its perpetration. If the riding school is unsafe as a depository of records—and Mr. Braidwood declared it to be so a great number of years since—it surely must be dangerous and unworthy as a warehouse for our valuable national pictures. But when we consider its unfitness as a place of exhibition its absolute condemnation is inevitable. Although in the centre of London, it is inaccessible; there is not any public way leading to it. The entrance is from Carlton Terrace, and the privacy of the residents in those houses cannot be disturbed by the constant passing of the people without loud complaint. On all other sides the plot of ground is walled in. That the actual condition of so old and neglected a building is bad cannot be doubted; but as a picture gallery it must have light, and we believe that no alteration can provide this essential. But it is mortifying to have to speculate on the practicability of a condemned building of this character being used for such a purpose. We trust that the project will be at once abandoned, and some bold and liberal advance made by the Ministry towards the completion and perfection of the National Gallery.

We are not disposed to grudge to the Royal Academy the small matter of a suitable public building, even in its present unreformed state. We therefore suggest as an alternative, that, if an entrance and roadway could be made to the plot of ground on which the Riding House stands, its situation is not unsuited to the erection of a building for the Royal Academy. Possibly, enough of such a building could be completed for the exhibition in May, and the large rooms in Trafalgar-square could at once be given up to the National Gallery, the Academy retaining its library and offices until its own building is completed. But it is really time that the Royal Academy threw aside its old selfishness, and protected the national pictures from the beggary and degrading treatment they receive from successive Ministers of Works, and that the wishes of the public in regard to the site of the National Gallery were deferred to.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

The foundation stone of the monument to be erected at Cromarty in memory of Hugh Miller was laid on Wednesday afternoon. Everything was done by the inhabitants that could render the ceremony impressive, and to exhibit the sincere pride which they feel in being able to refer to our distinguished countryman as a native of their town, born and brought up among themselves. Probably not less than 500 or 600 persons were present. The monument will consist of a pillar about 50 feet high, surmounted by a statue of Hugh Miller, to be sculptured by Mr. Handyside Ritchie. The base is of old red sandstone, taken from the shore quarry, the first scene of Mr. Miller's labours and of his geological researches. The rest of the work will be completed in a more durable stone, of a yellowish colour, obtained from the quarry at Davidston. The following inscription is to be engraved upon the base:—"In commemoration of the genius and the literary and scientific eminence of Hugh Miller, this monument is erected by his countrymen. He was born at Cromarty, 10th October, 1802, and died 24th December, 1856."—*Inverness Courier.*

The Havelock Memorial is in the usual state of trial and difficulty induced by competitions under preposterous conditions. The money is ready and sufficient for the object; the site is vacant; but the intervention of a committee prevents the execution of the statue. For a month past the exhibition room in Suffolk-street has been occupied by the sketches for the Memorial, which is tyrannically required to correspond with that already set up to the memory of Napier. But no conclusion can be come to, and the sketches will remain a month longer; yet it may safely be declared that of the five-and-twenty contributions less than half a dozen include the only one suitable for the statue. Those of our sculptors from whom adequate skill and taste could be expected have not sent any works, but in defiance of the rules two of the competitors have sent life-size busts and drawings three feet high; yet the committee, in helpless want of self-reliance, have allowed this effrontery and irregularity to pass unrebuked.

Is it too soon to ask the committee appointed last June to obtain for the metropolis a duplicate of Mr. Foley's statue of Lord Hardinge to produce their report? Some announcement on the subject of this greatly admired statue is desirable. We had hoped that an expression of opinion by such eminent men as those who elected the committee would, ere now, have been sufficient to have produced some guarantee that this fine and imposing work of art would have been commissioned for erection in one of our public places.

The exhibition of the Society of Female Artists will open in February.

To complete the chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral in a manner worthy of the monument to Wellington which is to be erected within it, the Government, we are glad to hear, have resolved to decorate the walls with large bas-reliefs in marble—the subjects to be commemorative of incidents in the great career of the Duke. These will be six in number, and the execution of three has been offered Mr. W. C. Marshall, Esq., and of the remaining three Mr. W. F. Woodington, who gained the 500*l.* premium in the competition for the monument, will be the artist. This is an act of wise energy and judgment, which will obtain credit for the minister who has dared it.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

It will soon become a serious question for the nation, or the trustees of the British Museum, to solve how more space is to be obtained for our valuable additions, which keep on the increase. Our collections have not the advantage of a palace for their home, as have the collections at the Louvre; nor have they the showy cases, and space at command for exhibiting all to the best advantage, which to the eye of the casual observer gives such an immense preponderance to the Paris collection; but the critical student will soon discover that the intrinsic value of our own collection is greater in every sense. It is not our national characteristic to make the most of everything, and our minor antiquities—worth perhaps 5*s.* each—are not mounted on satin-wood pedestals, or repose on velvet, as if worth as many guineas; our style is rather to huddle them in plain glass cases, as many as they can hold, until they look as if they were purchased at 5*s.* a dozen. Yet, with all this, we want room. We noted the conversion of the cellars of the Egyptian gallery into a Museum of Monumental art, by which much extra space will be obtained; and we have witnessed with no pleasant feeling the conversion of the portico into an imitation of a cheap photographic establishment, in order that the glass "lean-to" thus constructed may shelter the valuable marbles from Halicarnassus. But "the cry is still 'they come!'" and the advent of more than a hundred cases of additional relics must puzzle the ruling powers in Great Russell-street where to place them. They cannot be consigned to oblivion in the cellars now. These additions comprise extra specimens from Halicarnassus and Cnidus, and have been forwarded to us by our zealous consul at Mitylene, Mr. Charles Newton, who was once an officer of our Museum, and has never failed to do his best to increase its treasures. A crouching lion of the finest workmanship, in Parian marble, nearly ten feet in length, is mentioned as one of the chief works now sent. Altogether from the places named, and from Carthage, there are nearly 150 cases to unpack and display; but we hope we may be spared seeing them in any more glass sheds, built against the external walls of our Museum, disfiguring its general effect, and injuring the proper effect of the marbles themselves. Would it not be better to send the stuffed birds and beasts to the Zoological Museum, and devote the British Museum entirely to art and literature?

The evil working of the old law of treasure-trove was curiously exhibited some years back, when a singular discovery of Roman coins was made at Thorngroft, in Northumberland, by a quarryman named Pattison, who found them in a cleft of the rock. They were placed in a basket-shaped bronze vessel, and consisted of many hundreds of coins of the later Emperors, possessing little novelty or value. The late Duke of Northumberland, as lord of the manor, claimed them, and this led the finder for the first time to entertain an exaggerated idea of their value. He secreted them in a well; withstood an action at law for their recovery, lost the cause; was imprisoned in consequence; and on his liberation became a careless and ruined man. He never parted with his treasure, which he always looked to as a means of recovering his position, and died in the belief. The story, curious in itself, is worth remembering now, as the coins and their more curious "money-box" have passed by purchase into the hands of Mr. Clayton, of Newcastle, than whom no one is better able to appreciate and properly preserve them.

A sale occurred last week at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's of a small cabinet of Roman brass coins, stated to be "the property of a nobleman." They were all in fine condition, many of great rarity; and they have realised prices that have astonished collectors. The highest price was obtained for a large brass coin of Trajan, with a reverse representing the Circus Maximus, which reached the extraordinary price of 42*l.* The nearest approach to such a high price was reached in the biddings for a coin of the same size of Geta; reverse, Victory inscribing a shield; the inscription, *Vict. Britt. Tr. P. III. Cos. II.* It was well patinated, fine and interesting for its connection with our own history. It was knocked down for 24*l.* 5*s.* The prices of a few others (all large brass) we shall quote as specimens of the average rates of the sale. Nero, *Decursio* type, 6*l.*; Galba, *Adlocutio* type, of great rarity, 4*l.* 8*s.*; Vitellius, Victory inscribing *ob. cives, serv.*, on a shield, 8*l.*; Ves-

pasian, *Judea Capta*, finely patinated, 4*l.* 11*s.*; Titus, two captives beneath a palm tree, 13*l.*; Domitian, the Emperor seated on an estrade before a temple, reverse the Emperor sacrificing, 10*l.*; a medallion of Hadrian, with a laureated head of the Emperor to the right, reverse the Emperor as Hercules, described as "a perfect gem of medallion art, and most charmingly preserved," fetched the moderate price of 26*l.* The rest of the Hadrian series realised at the rate of 2*l.* each. Severus's *Victoria Britannica*, an interesting coin to collectors of the Roman Britannic series, fetched 9*l.* 5*s.* Diadumenian, reverse the Prince and three standards, legend *Princ. Juventutis*, brought 4*l.* 15*s.* As usual in most collections, a few of the coins were false; and one of the rarest in the sale, the large brass of the Empress Plotina, reverse *Fides August.*, a female standing, holding a patera of fruit in her left hand and two ears of corn in her right, only fetched six shillings. It would probably have obtained, if genuine, three times as many pounds.

At the opening meeting of the Numismatic Society last Wednesday week, the principal communication was an elaborate paper on the Roman and British coins found from time to time at St. Alban's (the Roman *Verulamium*); it was the result of many years' acquaintance with the spot and the discoveries made there, and was from the pen of Mr. Evans. The president (Mr. Vaux of the British Museum) followed with a description of some coins of Phœnicia, which had formed part of the collection of Lady Sale; the earliest being a coin of Antiochus IX., of which only one other example is at present known.

At the Society of Antiquaries the same evening was devoted to Mr. Akerman's interesting report of his discoveries at Brighthampton. He described more than thirty of the graves he had opened, minutely narrating their contents. With the males he found swords, spears, knives, &c.; with the females toilet implements, girdle ornaments, &c. With the girls were buried a few beads and Roman coins pierced to hang with them; the coins were of the later Emperors, Constantine and others. The most important find was in the grave of a man conjectured to have been the head of the clan or settlement: he appears to have been more than 6 feet 7 inches in height, and was buried with his sword (highly decorated in the scabbard), a knife (also in a rich sheath), fibulæ (enriched also) fastened his garments; and a very perfect ornamental bucket of wood strengthened by metal hoops, was placed with him. Mr. Akerman gave other instances of tall men buried in these graves. The swords were remarkably long, one being 3 feet 2 inches in length, the blade only 2½ inches across. The exhibition of these very important relics, and the clear elucidation of the discovery by Mr. Akerman, gave great satisfaction to a numerous meeting. They will be deposited in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY commenced a new season on Friday the 26th ult. with Haydn's *chef-d'œuvre*, *The Creation*. As on all occasions of this kind Exeter Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. There was an imposing array of instrumentalists, and the vocal force exhibited large troops of the long-experienced in the art of chorism with a small infusion of seemingly well-drilled recruits, always necessary to keep so large a piece of machinery in vigorous and healthy action. No great musical work is more familiar to the English public than *Creation*; yet, unlike the great majority of popular productions, it appears to lose none of its charms from repetition. Its extreme beauty indeed, its cheerfulness and sunshine, the absence of everything gloomy and terrible, though they do not derogate from its grandeur, certainly render that quality less prominent than it would have been had it been the prevailing feature of the work. As an oratorio it may be deficient of the true choral feature so characteristic of Handel; but who, after listening to the magnificent hymns of the heavenly host singing the praises of the Creator, is not impressed with the deepest feeling of majesty and power? Who can listen to "The Heavens are telling," "Awake the harp," "Achieved is the glorious work," &c.—if he be really flesh and blood, and not a stock or a stone—without being compelled to acknowledge their consummate beauty and intelligibility? The airs in the oratorio have never been surpassed. Where are to be found melodies more graceful or enchantingly beautiful than "With verdure clad," "On mighty pens," and, above all, "In native worth," the exquisite description of newly created man? Where a finer gem than the trio, "On thee each living soul awaits," with the mysterious effects of the tempered scale which oppress the spirits when hastening into the gloomy valley—the dead calm in that remote untrodden region, depicted by a soft shudder from the strings—the breeze that springs up when "Life with vigour fresh returns," bearing on its wings both light, and joy? Add to these the divine simplicity, which is the perfection of art, the ceaseless strain of luscious ideas, which seem to have flowed from the author's fertile mind without labour and without effort, "all armed and perfect." The character of the performance may be dismissed in

a few words. Mesdames Rudersdorff and Weiss, with Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Weiss, stood on the printed programme as principals. Mr. Reeves, being *non est*, Mr. George Perren supplied the vacancy at a short notice. This circumstance in a great measure disarms criticism. There is no known deputy that can appear for the great tenore robusto with unqualified success. Reeves has become a decided favourite with the attendants at Exeter Hall, and is *par excellence* the man for the business. Madame Rudersdorff made no great sensation. Her style of singing the charming melodies, &c., so richly interwoven with the first and second portions of the work, was often too exaggerated to be in strict keeping with the character of the music. Ever and anon did busy memory call up the mode of interpretation adopted by a listener on this occasion, quietly ensconced in the south gallery—Madame Goldschmidt. The third part of the oratorio had the effective assistance of Mme. Weiss. Of the efficiency of the band no second opinion exists. The instrumental picture of chaos, describing the anteval confusion of the elements of nature before their elective affinities had drawn them into coherent order, set at rest the quality of the instrumentalists for the discharge of any work ever written; while the choruses, well in tune were discharged with exactitude. M. Costa, as usual, wielded the *bâton*.

A "Beethoven night" constitutes one of the chief corner stones of M. Jullien's annual superstructure. At the outset of the present season much was promised from the pen of the mighty magician from Bonn; but, until the present week, the public have had nothing more than an overture or two, and fragments from his great production the *Symphony in C minor*, produced at intervals too wide to enable the general listener to comprehend the design of the work. Thus, on one evening the *andante* was given; on another the *allegro* and triumphal march; and on a third the opening movement. The exhibition of these *disjecta membra* in their proper places was reserved for Monday and Wednesday evenings. On each occasion the triumphs on the part of M. Jullien and the public were complete: the symphony was executed with consummate taste and unerring precision, while the attention of the audience never flagged for an instant, from the opening chord to the closing one. The subject of the first movement, "*allegro con brio*," is in 2-4 time, is truthfully termed, poetically grand. It bears the feature of a gigantic solitary rock standing alone, dissevered in elemental strife from the earth around. A short strophe, of only four notes, awakens the most profound and majestic ideas. It is not a little remarkable that on so abrupt and limited a subject, one also unaccompanied by a second motive, neither fatigue nor monotony is discovered from the frequency of the same phrase—"always another and the same." The *andante* is full of tenderness and touching grace—a landscape in autumn—and the scherzo and trio, remarkable not more for the peculiarity of rhythm than their bold and energetic character, in combination so suggestive of gaiety and Titanic mirth. In the coda, the composer, by merely dwelling on the tonic with an employment of the common cadence, produces with the skill of an inspired artist reminiscences of the previous subject, and with the happiest effect. The admiration inspired at every fresh hearing of this unparalleled work so far declares its merit as to render praise a platitude. Miss Arabella Goddard selected the magnificent concerto in E flat. How it was performed we need scarcely say. Beethoven would not have wished a better exponent. That ingenious piece of mechanism called a piano, under the Promethean touch of this highly accomplished artist, becomes, as Byron sang, "a thing of life," instinct with sentiment, power, and pathos. We need not follow her through all the movements and phases of a concerto so well known and so fully appreciated by musicians, and also by those who, without laying claim to scientific knowledge, are wretched away by the wonderful sweetness of great inspirations. Lengthy as this concerto is, Miss Goddard played it with a power and brilliancy of tone and execution, graceful cantabile and varied expression, worthy of her high reputation. To Wieniawski was assigned the only violin concerto known to us from the great composer, Op. 61 in D. It is very lengthy, and beset with difficulties familiar only to the profoundly erudite in bow and string. As Wieniawski disdains playing from copy, we opine that the next great wonder to his marvellous fiddling must be his extraordinary faculty of memory. The first part of the concert on the evenings in question (occupying two hours) was devoted solely to Beethoven, without any exhibition on the part of the audience of restlessness or lassitude. Thus much for musical taste and progress. Madame Evelina Garcia contributed an aria, "*Roberto, toi que j'aime*," which, with other music of a light and sparkling character, blended harmoniously with the severely classical. This accommodating principle invests these rapidly concluding and agreeable *vénances* with a peculiar charm, and sets in motion a feverish desire among large numbers of professing lovers of the art divine, not to incur the reflection of having lost "a chance."

At the Crystal Palace on Saturday the 27th ult., the visitors to the third Winter Concert were comparatively few. This may be in some measure attributed to the unfavourable state of the weather on that day. The programme was below par.

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Haydn's military symphony formed the chief musical feature. Miss Eleanor Armstrong, whispered as a vocalist of promise, made her *début*, and left an impression of a severe internal warfare between the will to do and the power to do it. As first appearances claim some little indulgence, we defer remark until we meet the young lady again. Mlle. Maria de Villar sang a romanza entitled "Rose del Alpi," with considerable taste and effect, and Signor Regondi exhibited the mastery he possessed over the concertina. The strength and richness of the fourth programme promises to atone for the weakness and poverty of the one under consideration.

In addition to the attractions of the Eastern Polytechnic institution, Miss Rebecca Isaacs and Mr. Augustus Braham have been engaged for a limited number of nights. As the high road to success may be tracked by that of engaging artists of position and ability, the committee have made a very proper selection in the two celebrities above-named.

Mr. Harrison took his announced benefit on Monday at Drury-lane, and had the best dressed and fullest house of the season. He fell back on Verdi for his composer, and selected his grand and most popular piece, *Il Trovatore*. On a work that has been so long before the public—the chief songs, arias, &c. from which have been set to suit very humble students of all sorts of instruments, from the Pandean pipes to the deep-throated ones encased in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace—we have no need to shed an inkdrop. The chief point of interest centred, first of all, in Mr. Harrison, whose friends mustered strongly to witness his performance (for the first time in London) of the troubadour Manrico. This arduous character, whether viewed in a musical or histrionic point of view, found as fitting an exponent in Mr. Harrison as in the majority of performers who plume themselves upon their efficiency. Miss Louisa Pyne also made a first appearance in London in this or any other tragic character. Speculation and conjecture as to the manner of discharging the part of Leonora were soon set at rest. In her first aria, "Twas night and all around was still," she went directly to the sympathies of the audience; and in the more trying, sad, and severely dramatic portions of the opera she sustained the reputation won on fields beaming with more light, sunshine, and joy. Truth, however, to speak, we prefer her in her more-at-home school of the art. Miss Susan Pyne impersonated the Gipsy; but the outbursts of wrath and vengeance were not so well sustained physically as mentally. Mr. Ferdinand Glover as the Count came off with *éclat*. There was a large development of thought and dramatic feeling in all he essayed. The famous aria known in English as "The tempest of the heart" gained a well-merited encore. Altogether the opera was well mounted, and, for a first performance, went off to the satisfaction of the critical generally, and the public in particular.

The Vocal Association are again in the field. It cannot be denied that the object for which this society was formed, viz., the practice of glees, madrigals, and part-songs, has been widely departed from, although, perhaps, not entirely lost sight of. It matters little, however, to the general public what the insignia of the banner may be, so that good singers rally round it. The Vocal Association last year did not exhibit the efficiency of its fresher youth. Numbers of individuals could be recognised, without the aid of a lorgnette, mingling in the ranks on great occasions, who were capable of doing nothing, vocally, but damage. As the committee by their prospectus tell us they have made free use of the sieve, and that the performances of the forthcoming season will wear their original ruddy and blooming aspect, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity of hearing their part songs, &c., as in times gone by; and if the growth of music demands a stroll into the wider fields of science, we shall be equally delighted to accompany them on their laudable researches.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

THE *Phormio* of Terence will be represented by the Queen's scholars at Westminster school, on Tuesday, Dec. 14; Thursday, Dec. 16; and Tuesday, Dec. 21; the last two nights with prologue and epilogue.

We believe that it is now certain that Mr. Mitchell will not take Her Majesty's Theatre as expected. It is stated, however, that M. Laurent, sen., has applied to be accepted as tenant. If so, the theatre will be in good hands, for M. Laurent is not inexperienced in operatic management, having served a long apprenticeship as the partner of M. Laporte, a name familiar to all habitués of the opera.

We regret to hear that Miss Louisa Pyne has been prevented on more than one occasion this week from taking her part in the performances, and that her place has been supplied by Miss Rebecca Isaacs. By some the mishap has been attributed to the exceedingly trying nature of the music in *La Trovatore*.

A serious accident occurred at Astley's Theatre during the rehearsal of a new piece on Tuesday morning. As Mr. W. Cooke, jun., the celebrated equestrian, was engaged in training a horse to perform certain evolutions necessary to the action of the piece, the animal, by some inadvertence, fell upon him and broke his leg. The accident, serious as it is, has been much exaggerated; for it has been stated that not only are both Mr. Cooke's legs broken, but that it has been

necessary to amputate one of them. Happily, however, this is not the case; and although it is feared that it will be many months before he will be able to appear before the public, it is expected that he will do so without loss of limb.

The Mozart Concert, held annually at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in commemoration of the death of this great composer, takes place to day. These annual celebrations have been hitherto received with much pleasure by the season-ticket holders and their friends, and have been the most fully attended of the season. The concert promises considerable interest, comprising, among other pieces, a symphony in C major and a concerto for the pianoforte (also in C), both first-rate works, but only seldom performed; as well as the principal airs and concerted pieces from the opera *Die Zauberflöte*. Madame and Mr. Weiss, Mr. Perren, and Herr Pauer are the principal performers, and the band will be strengthened and an efficient chorus employed on the occasion. Mr. Pepper's lecture on the Egyptian Court will be given after the concert.

The entertainments at the Eastern Polytechnic Institution have been varied, and their attractions greatly increased, by the engagement of Miss Rebecca Isaacs and Mr. Augustus Braham for a limited number of nights. These distinguished artistes commenced their engagements on Friday sennight, and were most enthusiastically applauded by a house filled to overflowing. We are gratified to learn that the institution progresses steadily in the estimation of the inhabitants of the East-end.

On Friday night, the 26th ult., a dramatic performance was given at the Soho Theatre mainly for the purpose of introducing a promising young *débutante* to the London audience. Miss Jenny Bartlett, the young lady in question, is, we are given to understand, of French origin—a fact, however, which she betrays more by her natural vivacity and extreme sprightliness of action than by her accent, which is exceedingly good and pure. The play selected for the occasion was Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback*, in which Miss Bartlett sustained the part of Helen. In this not particularly easy part she acquitted herself most creditably, and frequently drew down the plaudits of the audience. Helen's great scene with her slow-witted, scholarly cousin was of course the testing point of the part, and she passed through it triumphantly, acting to the life the very natural anger of a woman who offers her lips to a fellow who has not the sense to take the gentle hint. The other parts in the comedy were very fairly sustained by Mr. Bertram Palmer, as Master Walter; Mr. James, as Sir Thomas Clifford; Mr. J. F. Franklyn, as Lord Tinsel; Mr. Shirley, as Modus; Mr. Blackburn, as Fathom; and Miss Helen Love, as Julia. We are glad to hear that Miss Jenny Bartlett is engaged by Mr. Falconer for the company with which he intends to open the Lyceum at Christmas; for we have every expectation that she will prove a very meritorious young actress.

On Wednesday evening Mr. A. C. Concanen gave a selection of dramatic readings at the Argyll Tavern, Manchester-street, Gray's-inn-road, in aid of the Argyll Philanthropic Society. The parts selected were the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice*, a scene from *Ion*, a scene from *Black-eyed Susan*, and a reading from Dickens's "Chimes." The room was well filled with a highly-respectable company, and the efforts of Mr. Concanen to promote so philanthropic a society were warmly and deservedly applauded.

It is stated that the Public Hall, Newmarket, is to be again converted into a theatre, Mr. Charles Gill having obtained the necessary licence.

Galignani says: "It will be a boon to those of our readers who propose to cultivate their vocal powers, either for the stage or the saloon, to learn that Mme. Persiani, so long the brilliant ornament of the Opera Italiana, has lately fixed her residence in Paris, with a view to devote herself wholly to tuition in the charming art of which she was so eminent a mistress. Mme. Persiani's voice, though not now sufficiently powerful for the stage, retains, we are informed, all the sweetness and those matchless graces of execution which rendered her something more than a great *artiste*—the most delightful of singers."

Among the passengers by the Pacific from New York, which has arrived at Galway, was Lola Montes. The *Galway Vindicator* says: "The Countess was received with every attention and respect by the officials and a few friends who went on board on the arrival of the vessel. She wore a flounced black silk dress (sans crinoline), and over it a rich fur mantle trimmed with a beaver fur. Her bonnet was of brown silk, trimmed with purple velvet and a few flowers, and she wore a richly-jewelled Maltese cross. In appearance and manner Madame is quite prepossessing and agreeable. We had the pleasure of being introduced to her by Captain Trocks, and we can assure our readers that her bearing is quite the reverse of that high-flying, horse-whipping character which some of our 'best public instructors' have been accustomed to represent her as the type of. That she is a 'strong-minded woman,' as the American phraseology describes such persons, there is no manner of doubt; she would tell you so herself. But then the quiet and charming expression of her features, and the graceful and ladylike style of her conversation, not unmixed with a rich dash of quaint humour and fun, would at

once enlist the admiration of every one in her society. We learned from herself that she has come to Ireland for the purpose of delivering lectures at Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Belfast, and finally Galway, on 'America, its people and its social institutions,' and she added that she means to talk about them as they are, but not as they have been misrepresented by Mr. Dickens, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Thackeray, and others who have already 'done them.' [This is pretty fair, even for Lola.]

The Paris correspondent for the *Globe* says: "A brace of duels has taken place about theatrical criticisms in the *Figaro*; but it only encourages such tomfoolery to notice the combatants. Personality is the only resource left to newspapers when debarred from discussing broad political principles, and a very remarkable feature of this disease in the press of Paris has just made itself manifest."

The Théâtre Français has given up the old custom, which prevailed even before the time of Molière, of striking three blows on the stage, to give notice that the commencement of the performances was about to take place. The ringing of a bell now announces it to the audience. The stick used for the purpose deserves a place in an antiquarian museum. It gave the signal for the curtain to rise on the first performance of *Tartuffe*, and all the comedies of Molière and plays of Racine which were produced on the boards of the Théâtre Français. This *bâton de commandement*, which has thus exerted more influence on the human mind than many a marshal's baton, is—a common broomstick!

THE THEATRES.

A REAL and genuine Baronet, vouched for by the Herald's College, and recorded in Dodd, has appeared as a low comedy actor in a third piece at the Haymarket theatre. In addition to rank and a long pedigree, the honourable Baronet has a remarkably long person, extending towards seven feet; thus every way he is a remarkable man, and, his extraordinary taste for low-comedy acting adding to his eccentricities, there is a considerable power of attraction about him. Sir William Don is, however, manifestly a gentleman, and manages his towering person and his irrepressible passion for acting so as to give no offence to the dwarfs he performs with, or the audience who flock to see him. He has devoted himself entirely to the art he has chosen, and is a practised actor, having learnt the necessary command of eye and features, and using his long limbs so as to produce grotesque and comic gestures. He is at present performing the gawky waiter in the farce of *White-bait at Greenwich*, and without any extraordinary power of the *vis comica* he elicits laughter by his strange grotesqueness; and there is little doubt that were he kept sufficiently long before an audience, and had *diablerie* parts, such as Peter Schlemil, &c., adapted to him, he would become a popular actor. At present he must be pronounced to be in a probationary state; but even in that he tickles the fancy of many persons, who take their notions of fun more from violent absurdities than from real humour or ridiculous character. Madame Perea Nena has had a new ballet composed for her, in which she dances with all her original vivacity and piquancy.

The breaking up of an old dynasty, the decay of an ancient family, and the scattering of a long-popular troupe of players, all cast a melancholy on those who have been interested in them. The dispersion and disruption of the long-renowned Adelphi company seems effected. Madame Celeste, its presiding genius, has travelled star-like to the East, and in that strange quarter of the theatrical region is reenacting the peculiar French-English characters which were so long the sole property of the little theatre opposite the Adelphi. She is accompanied by one other of the Adelphi constellations, Mr. Paul Bedford, who is also shedding his influence on the East-enders. On Wednesday last the lady took her benefit at the Standard Theatre, and enacted her old part of Madeline, in Mr. Bayle Bernard's pretty melodrama of *St. Agnes' Eve*; and also a new part in a new piece, entitled *The Little Suttler, or a Sister's Love*. This last part shows the comedy of melodrama, and she has to resist the courtship of an amorous tyrant, Paul the First. Her broken French and pretty feet, her faultless dressing, and her significant gesture, find their way as readily to the hearts of a Shoreditch as of a Strand audience; and we arrive therefore at the profound philosophic discovery, that not only are flesh and blood the same at these two extremely removed localities, but that the taste for the piquant, the clever, the sentimental and stage-heroic are also universal. Madame was as inaudible with her tongue, but as audible with her nimble and expressive gesture, as usual; and the high-pitched sentiment of Madeline, and the pretty coquetties of the Little Suttler, caused as explosive applause or laughter as if the audience had been trained up in the full glare of Adelphi spectacle.

The chief event of the theatrical week was the production on Thursday night of a new drama at the Olympic Theatre, an event much to be desired, as the poisonous vapour which had evaporated from *The Red*

Vial had permeated the theatre and associated it with a noxious species of drama, which, had it succeeded, would have infected the town universally. The new production is of so healthful a kind, is so thoroughly genial in its sentiment and wholesome in its tone, that it has completely purified the place, and restored it to its pristine freshness and gaiety. The new play is named *The Porter's Knot*, and it delineates in the barest simplicity the fortunes and the feelings of a worthy and humble family. The head of the house, Samson Burr, has made his fortune by the strength of his back rather than of his brains, and is living in homely comfort at the opening of the play. He has one son, whom he has educated for the high profession of medicine, and who has just reached his diploma or certificate. Great is the pride of the worthy knot carrier, and of his kindly spouse, and of the lovely niece, as they all sit viewing the official proof of their son's attainments grandly framed. But nothing is long of like excellence, even in real life, and dramas could not exist if fortune were less fickle on the stage. A sleek, sly money lender comes down to the father and shows him bills for 2000*l.*, which the student has given to cover his own and his dissolute friend's dissipation. Of course the old porter is not bound in law to pay for his son's extravagance; but he does so partly to prevent his being arrested, and partly from a chivalrous feeling that every man should pay his debts—a refinement certainly more likely to be found in a porter's than in a young lord's bosom, though the instances are not numerous of such exalted honour. The old Knight of the Knot, however, pays the debt, and, leaving his comfortable home, returns to his barrow and to the carrying burthens—his graceless son being taken to sea by an old friend of the family. Here is all that Aristotle requires—here is a change of fortune; and in the second act we have a surprise and two discoveries. The drama is in every way complete, for it complies with the old and new canons of criticism. It complies with Aristotle and with Jules Janin. It has a supper in the first act, and a meeting of father and son and of son and father in the second act. Were it not clever in dialogue, skilful in situation, and careful in incidents, it would have succeeded with the two elements we have described—eating and meeting. But it has more than all these; it has a powerful piece of acting from Mr. Robson, who acts with all his heart and all his soul. He is good and great in two ways. He is good as the delineator of the honest, hard-worked, successful old porter, with his broad rollicking jollity. He is great as the father staggered with his son's prodigality; as the man reduced again to poverty; as the genial but broken-spirited parent. It cannot be described by what sudden transitions or gentle gradations the actor shows all this play of feeling and transition of emotion—how he at one time rises to the sublime by the purity of his feelings, or runs down to the absurd by his small drolleries. Stephen Burr is destined to be for aye associated with Robson's name; and it will be thought of as we think of the picture of a true and thorough master.

All concerned acted well—Mr. G. Vining as a swell medical student, afterwards railway policeman; Mr. G. Cooke as a hearty seaman; Mr. H. Wigan admirably as a discreet, sleek, voluble discounter of bills, Mr. Smoothly Smirk; and Miss Hughes sweetly as the loving niece, and Mrs. Leigh Murray capital as the mother and wife. So strongly does this play take hold of the feelings, that it is difficult to be critical. The audience were swept away by their feelings; and we saw a stern critic or two completely carried off by his head. "It was nature—perfect nature—and what was wanted more?" "They were moved—and every one but a brute would be." And were we not softened? Oh, yes! But after the showers had been succeeded by a tempest of clapping, the critical faculty returned; and we began to probe the matter, and found we had been assisting—and very earnestly too—at a first-rate domestic drama, "all of the old kind." "The real nature" was the old trick. We had been trapped by the actualities. Everything on the stage was real—the dresses, tones of voice, dialogue, furniture, all—the conduct alone was false. Sold again! by the strong outward appearance. All was true—fact—reality—but the conduct. The real *dramatis personæ* might have looked, talked, walked, and even spoken, as the acting *personæ* did. Our eyes, our ears, our hearts, were deluded; but when reflection came the illusion sped. Old Knotty would have raged and wept as the player did—but not have begged himself, wife, and niece, to pay such a debt. But the stage has its privileges; and as long as it can delude ear, eyes, and heart, we must keep our reason and reflection till we get home and return to actual existence. But reflection moderates our admiration, and we find that *The Porter's Knot* is but a domestic sentimental drama, very cleverly managed, and very illusive in its effects. It is taken from a Parisian drama of wider scope and fuller aim: the original introducing the dissipation of the 2000*l.* by its characteristic personages, who are all more or less mixed up with the ultimate catastrophe. This mixed view of life belongs to a higher species of drama, inasmuch as it aims to illustrate life and character, and to enlarge the knowledge of the individual; while the domestic drama merely moves the feelings, but scarcely interests or touches the intellect.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE second mastership of St. Paul's School has been conferred upon the Rev. John Kempthorne, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, assistant master at Tonbridge School. Mr. Kempthorne graduated in 1857, when he was fifth in the first class in classics.

The Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh, at a meeting held on the 27th of November, conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on the Right Hon. Lord Elcho, M.P., the Right Hon. the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, Mr. Moncreiff, M.P., Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and Professor J. S. More.

The *Builder* says: "Some of our readers will like to know that at the old gate at St. John's, Clerkenwell—a place of many interesting associations—a literary society has been formed by men connected with arts and literature, with a view to the conversational discussions of subjects rendered familiar to them by their pursuits. The old hall in which the club meets is that in which the *Gentleman's Magazine* was printed, and whence Sylvanus Urban for many years issued this, the oldest of our periodical publications. In consideration of this, the club has been called the 'Urban Club.' At a recent meeting, Mr. Heraud, Mr. Stirling Coyne, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Henry Marston, and a number of other workers in the field of literature, assembled. In the course of the evening Mr. Heraud remarked that the chief interest of literature does not lie in the popularity which it might evoke—not in the echoes of applause which might flatter a man's empty vanity, here and there—but in the discipline which it gave to the mind of the literary man himself. It was a maxim of Plato that 'Euclid' was not intended for shipwrights; but it was quite clear that shipwrights would derive benefit from 'Euclid.' It was quite clear that, if the ship's carpenter had learned his demonstrations, he might accept the results, and with much benefit apply them to his craft. But the highest end of mathematics was not merely their application to mechanical arts or mere material good in the world, but it was the moral act upon the mind of the scholar himself." To those who wish to pursue this interesting discourse still further, it may be some satisfaction to know that another gentleman present stated that for his part he always advocated the Individuality of the Individual; that it was with regret that he perceived that German Positivism and Cosmopolitan Despotism were gradually wearing away all the old landmarks between man and the Infinite; and that his only hope for salvation of the true idiosyncrasy of man lay in the subjective abnegation of free will and the mental absorption of the Elemental Catachresis. More followed in this interesting strain, when a gentleman long and creditably known for his connection with the stage declared that, having surveyed the great drama of life from Paris to Peru, he was inclined to believe that the natural development of human passions, whether in the dramas of Æschylus, the poems of Firdusi, or the pantomimes of Mr. Blanchard, was the only proper road for leading man back to his primeval state of innocence; that till time and space should be no more, and the echo of that undying song which the Swan of Avon poured forth as he proudly breasted the wave, sailing downward to the ocean of eternity, should have died away upon the attentive ear of posterity, he should continue to uphold the faith and sanctity of the immortal British drama. After a convivial evening, spent in this entertaining and instructive manner, the company separated and went home to bed.

A correspondent of the *Times* attempts to make a strong point out of the following advertisement:—"Wanted,—A Schoolmistress and General House Servant, to commence in a village a day, Sunday, and night church-school, and to do house work. Plain sewing, knitting, mending, music, singing, reading, writing, arithmetic to be taught. Salary 25*l.* a year, with unfurnished cottage, and a third of the school pence. Apply to the Rev. James Collins, Appleton-Wiske, Northallerton." Now it is clear upon the face of it that the meaning of this, clumsily worded though it be, is that a schoolmistress is wanted capable of teaching village girls to be good house servants. The house work to be done must be her own, for it is impossible that she should attend a day, Sunday and night school, and attend to the Rev. James Collins's domestic concerns into the bargain. Again, she is to have a separate cottage to herself. As for the music to be taught, we presume that it is nothing more than singing upon the *sol fa* principle—a very useful and now popular accomplishment among those who go to Church and take part in the service.

A Paris correspondent says:—"The *Charivari* of this day, 1st December, appears in an enlarged sheet, and the first of a series of offensive articles has met the eye of the delighted Parisians. It is No. 10. 'Sketches of Foreign Correspondents from Paris,' leading off with 'our own' correspondent of the *Times*. I need not name that gentleman; but anything more reprehensible than the private and personal details given can scarcely be conceived. The complaint of Mr. Thackeray against a member of the Garrick Club for converting into pence the facility of access the latitude of a social circle afforded his maligner,

is here made doubly flagrant by the violation of a gentleman's domicile, to which the paltry scribe evidently gained admittance under false pretence, to report particulars of his privacy for the amusement of the Boulevard snobs. It is more than suspected that the camarilla who prosecuted Montalembert are bent on extinguishing by slander the European publicity which correspondents, as well as *Le Correspondant*, secure to their misdeeds."

OBITUARY.

WALLACE, Professor, died on the 16th ult., at 13, Stockwell Park Road, Stockwell. He was editor of the *Popular Educator*, *Public Instructor*, and numerous other works, and has left a wife and family to deplore his irreparable loss. BAXTER, JOHN, died on the 12th ult., at Lewes, in his 78th year. Publisher of the *Library of Agriculture*, and other well-known works.

THE 35*s.* INVERNESS WRAPPERS, The 5*s.* TWEED SUITS, and The 1*s.* TROUSERS.

Are all made to Order from the new Scotch Cheviot, all wool tweeds, of winter substances, thoroughly shrunk, by B. BENJAMIN, Merchant and Family Tailor, 74, Regent-street, W. Patterns and Designs, with directions for Measurement, sent free. The Two Guinea Dress or Frock Coat; The Guinea Dress Trousers; and the Half Guinea Walcoats, N.B.—A perfect fit guaranteed.

WHITE and SOFT HANDS throughout the WINTER.—THE LONDON SOAP and CANDLE COMPANY, 75, New Bond-street, have prepared a new WINTER SKIN SOAP, at 1*s.* per pound, which, by its continued use, will produce the softest of hands and whitest of skin, even in the coldest weather and hardest water; it is beautifully soft in use, and agreeably perfumed. Sole dépôt. Also every other kind of Skin, Toilet, and Fancy Soaps, in bars, squares, or tablets, of every colour, name, and shape, at wholesale prices.

DRUCE and Co's GENERAL HOUSE

FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, 68, 69, and 58, Baker-street.—These are the largest Furniture Galleries and Showrooms in London, and contain the most extensive and varied Stock to select from. Iron Bedsteads from 8*s.* 6*d.* each. 500 Easy Chairs on view. Carpets 1*s.* per yard under the usual prices. Excellent Dining-room Chairs, 12*s.* each. A Servant's Bedroom well and completely furnished for 11*s.* Prices marked in plain figures. A twelve months' warranty given. Illustrated books, with prices, sent post free.

EXTRAORDINARY Display of New and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE, covering a space of more than 60,000 square feet.—J. DENT and Co., Proprietors of the Great Western Furniture Bazaar, 30, 31, 32, and 99, Crawford-street, Baker-street, beg most respectfully to invite the attention of purchasers of any description of FURNITURE to their present Unrivalled Stock, consisting of entire suites of drawing, dining, and bedroom furniture, manufactured by the best houses in London, which they have just purchased from several noblemen and gentlemen leaving England, under such circumstances as enable them to offer any portion at less than one-third of its original cost. Every article warranted, and the money returned if not approved of.—Principal entrance, 30, Crawford-street, Baker-street.

HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA.

RICH FULL-FLAVOURED TEA, of great strength, and "always good alike," is obtained by importing it without powdered colour on the leaf; for, when not disguised, the Chinese cannot possibly pass off the brown autumn crop with the choice spring gathering without it being discovered by the consumer. The *Lancet* (p. 318) shows that Horniman's Teas are easily distinguished:—"The green, not being covered with Prussian blue, &c., is an olive hue; the black is not intensely dark;" wholesome as well as Tea "always good alike" is thus obtained. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.*, and 4*s.* 4*d.* per lb. London Agents.—Purcell, 75, Cornhill; Edphinstone, 227, Regent-street, 306, Oxford-street, and 29, Throgmorton-street, Bank; Wolf, 75, St. Paul's-churchyard; Dodson, 98, Blackman-street, Borough. Sold in Packets by HORNIMAN'S Agents in all parts of the kingdom.

D'ALTENBURG'S ORIENTAL OIL is

the finest and most agreeable remedy ever used for Baldness or Grey Hair. It speedily restores the hair when it has fallen off from sickness or any other cause; strengthens and beautifies it, and imparts to it a permanent lustre and silky softness. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* 6*d.* per bottle; by post 12 stamps extra.

D'ALTENBURG'S DENTRIFICE, an Oriental preparation of peculiar efficacy in preserving and embellishing the face, imparting to them a brilliant polish and perfect whiteness, strengthening the gums, and in rendering the breath fragrant and pure. Price 1*s.* 1*d.* per box; by post 16 stamps.

CAUTION.—The unprecedented success of these celebrated articles has called forth numerous spurious imitations. None can be genuine without the signature of the proprietors, D'ALTENBURG and COMPANY, Sold by Corn at 88, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

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CLERICAL and PROFESSIONAL MEN are specially invited. The Black and Mixture Cloths being of a FAST DYE. An ordered suit of Black for 3*l.* 2*s.* Also the celebrated SEVENTEEN SHILLING TROUSERS in great variety.

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WATER BEDS, MATTRESSES, and CUSHIONS, for Bed Sores, as recommended by the Faculty, may be had on the shortest notice from the sole Manufacturer, **HOOPER, 55, Grosvenor-street, Bond-street.**

SYDENHAM TOP-COAT, 42s.,—Easy, warm, waterproof, and elegant; the most perfect overcoat out.—**SAMUEL BROTHERS, Merchant Tailors, 29, Ludgate-hill.**

SYDENHAM SCHOLAR'S SUIT, complete for 42s. 6d., comprising Trousers, 17s. 6d.; Waistcoat, 8s. 6d.; and coat, 17s. 6d.—**SAMUEL BROTHERS, 29, Ludgate-hill.**

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Patterns and Guide to Self-Measurement sent free.

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H. J. and D. NICOLL recommend for an outside Coat the Havelock and Patent Cape Paletot; and for ordinary wear the Cape Suit, such being well adapted for Young Gentlemen, on account of exhibiting considerable economy with general excellence. Gentlemen at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, the Military and Naval Schools, waited on by appointment. A great variety of materials adapted for the Kilted or Highland Costume, as worn by the Royal Princes, may be seen at **WARWICK HOUSE, 142 and 144, Regent-street.**

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NICOLL'S PATENT HIGHLAND CLOAK is a combination of utility, elegance, and comfort. No Lady having seen or used such travelling or morning wear as the Cape Suit, such being well adapted for Young Gentlemen, on account of exhibiting considerable economy with general excellence. Gentlemen at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, the Military and Naval Schools, waited on by appointment. A great variety of materials adapted for the Kilted or Highland Costume, as worn by the Royal Princes, may be seen at **WARWICK HOUSE, 142 and 144, Regent-street.**

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(Signed) H. J. and D. NICOLL, Regent-street and Cornhill, London.

WONDERFUL CURE of a COUGH.—

The following Letter has recently been addressed to Mr. Powell, from Wm. Boards, Esq., an agriculturist and land agent, residing at Edmonton, Middlesex:—"Dear Sir,—I have recently suffered much from a most violent cough, proceeding from a tickling in my chest, which no remedy, out of many I resorted to, could allay. My head was constantly aching, and my whole frame entirely shaken. Having seen the good effects of your Balsam of Aniseed in several members of my family, I purchased a small bottle, and when going to bed at night took a teaspoonful in two tablespoonfuls of water just warm. The effect was immediate; it arrested the tickling in my chest, I slept well, and arose perfectly restored in the morning, with the exception of debility, arising from fatigue by incessant coughing for some days previous. My cough entirely left me, and has never returned. Having since heard of a lady in the neighbourhood who for a long time had laboured under a most distressing cough, and who had resorted to every remedy within her knowledge, I sent the remainder of the bottle to her; and that long-standing, obstinate, and (as she thought) incurable cough was perfectly cured. You are at perfect liberty to make what use you may please of this communication, as the contents are strictly true. I shall make every opportunity of recommending your valuable medicine, feeling, as I do, fully assured of its efficacy. I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, Wm. Boards.—To Mr. Thos. Powell."

This old-established Family Cough Medicine is remarkable for its curative properties in all cases of coughs, colds, shortness of breath, asthma, night cough, and every kind of pulmonary disorder.—Prepared and sold by **THOMAS POWELL**, at the warehouse, 16, Blackfriars-road, London (late 53). Sold by all respectable chemists.

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PURE FRENCH COLZA OIL, 4s. 6d. per Gallon.—Messrs. **LEMAIRE & CO.,** of Paris; sole Depot in England, the London Soap and Candle Company, 76, New Bond-street, W.; guarantee their COLZA OIL, of the finest and purest quality, to burn in every kind of Lamp now in use, and very superior to most Oils sold under that name. For the convenience of Country Families, it is in Casks of about Thirty Gallons, or in sealed Tins from Two to Twelve Gallons. Moderate Lamps, Glasses, Cottons, Repairs, &c., at Paris Prices.

TO THE NERVOUS and DEBILITATED.

—**CHARLES WATSON, M.D.** (Fellow and Honorary Vice-President of the Imperial African Institute of France, late Resident Physician to the Bedford Dispensary, Corres. Member of the Medical Societies of Rouen and Peru, the National Academy of Sciences, Paris, &c.), 27, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, London, continues to issue, on receipt of six stamps, "The Guide to Self-cure."

"The first man of the day in these complaints."—*Medical Review*, July 1856.

For Qualifications, vide diplomas and the *Medical Directory*.

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